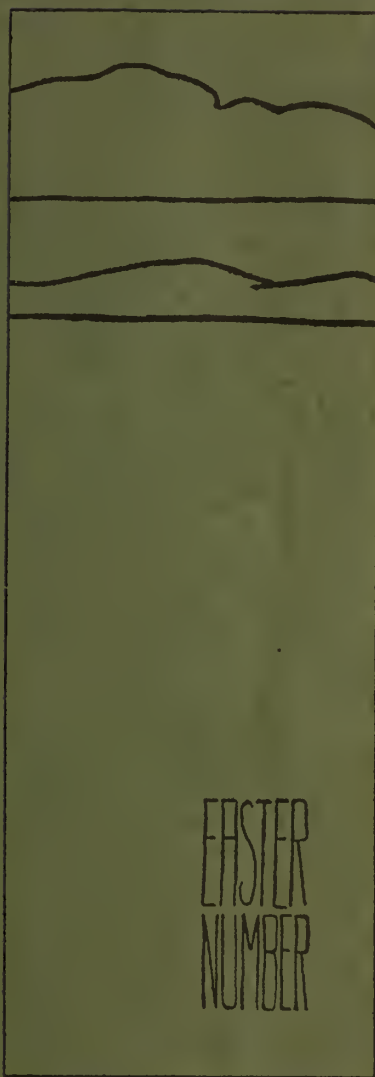


THE TIGER



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NUMBER

THE TIGER

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
of
MECHANICAL ARTS

SAN FRANCISCO

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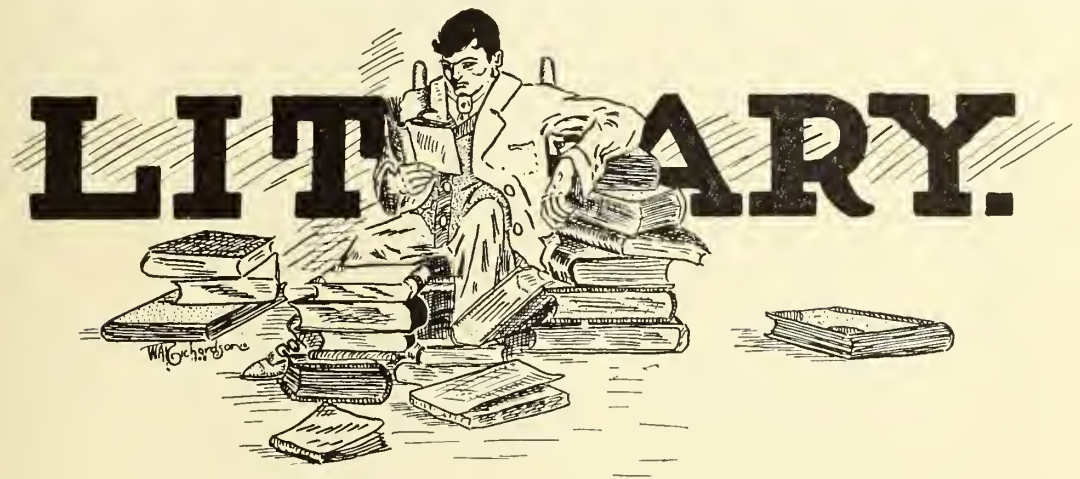
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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His Pardner

Brent Williams closed one eye, screwed up the other and glanced at the sun lowering in the western sky. "Near five, I reckon," he said aloud, "move along a little faster, you mustang you, I'm hungry enough to eat the saddle."

The pony with one small ear turned back to catch her master's voice, felt the least gentle prick of the heavy spur and broke into that long, easy lope so characteristic of the Western cattle pony. Brent burst forth in song: "And over the mountains we'll ride, we'll ride—say, you cayuse, what do you s'pose Bob'll git for supper? My! Chiquita, ain't I getting high up ideas? As if he could git anything different than we've had three times

a day for seven days a week, the last year or so. Bob's sort o' handy like with grub, though. He's a good pard, little horse; if it wasn't for him, wonder where you an' I'd be?"

"Over the mountains we'll ride, we'll ride," he sang softly and then he grew meditative and silent until the little horse galloped up before a shanty and stopped. Brent dismounted, drew the saddle from the pony's sweaty back and swung it to the ground. There was a gentle word to the horse; he turned to wash at the well and smooth his hair by the piece of mirror outside the cabin; then he went inside, where the smoke of frying bacon filled the one room.

"Hullo," he said, by way of greeting.

"Hullo," answered the other glumly, "just in time; sit up."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," Brent answered cheerily; "haven't had nothin' since mornin'. How's prospecting? Much signs of color to-day?"

"Oh, heavens no," said the other wearily. "Say, Brent, I'm gittin' sick of this country. Think I'll kick out, down toward civilization, maybe—oh, shucks, I don't know where."

Brent looked up quickly. "If excitement and change of scenery's what you want, I'll bring you down a new bronco to ride. There's plenty on the hills yet."

The other frowned and slapped his leg—the one that was stiff since he had been thrown from his horse a year before.

"The dickens," he exclaimed, frowning, "don't tease a fellow, Brent. Thank heavens, though, I can still ride a *decent* horse."

Brent was silent; the words of his partner had struck deep even if the cheerful voice and bronzed face did not show it.

"Say, pard," he said at length, "you don't mean you're going to *leave* me?"

"You've hit it plumb right, I do, unless"—an almost sarcastic smile crossed Bob's face—"unless you'll go too."

"Oh, shucks, me leave this country? Why man I couldn't live any place but here." His brown eyes were earnest, almost entreating.

Bob frowned again. "You're a fool," he said with conviction.

"Maybe I am," said Brent thoughtfully, "maybe I am. You've said so before, but it's something that's in a man, born there I guess. You weren't born here, you know."

"No, thank heavens, I wasn't," said the older man cuttingly.

"Maybe if you was you'd like it better—I wish you could—and would stay with me," he added with slight embarrassment.

Bob, carefully sheltering a match with curved hands, was lighting his pipe and he did not answer. When it was lighted he rose and limped outside, pulling his chair after him, and with it tipped back against the side of the house he puffed

away, as he gazed into the sunset. Brent stood in the doorway looking across the pasture where he could see his pony grazing and commenced talking about the animal. Bob liked horses, too—the only thing in his cold hard life that he did care for. He had been a wild rider until—he slapped his stiff leg bitterly. Still he could ride a steady horse; that consoled him some. Down in his heart he envied Brent. He had tried often when Brent was not around to coax the pony to him, but it was no use and it hurt him to see the horse respond so quickly to Brent's call, yet in his gloomy way he said nothing.

For a long time the two were silent. The sun set and the distant snowclad peaks were rosy, then the color faded and the pine trees in the pasture stood black against the evening sky. At last Brent spoke, "You aiming to go soon?" his eyes searching his partner's face in the dusk.

"Whenever the spirit moves me," said Bob shortly. "I generally do things that way. The spirit moves once every two or three years. It's about moving time now."

Brent spoke again after a short pause: "Guess I'll turn in; I'm tired. It's been hot to-day. Coming now?"

"No, I'll come when I've finished this pipe," the other answered.

* * * * *

The sun was just sending its first rays over the eastern range of mountains, down into the pastures below. Brent opened his eyes, rolled over and glanced toward his partner's bunk. It was empty—it had not been slept in. Brent sat up suddenly, wide awake.

"Bob!" he called; there was no answer. "Well," he said with resignation, "Guess he's kicked out for good." Then he rose and went over to the well-hidden tobacco can and opened it—it was empty. Bob's little bag of nuggets and gold dust was gone. He was not surprised, but then he noticed that the other bag, the one containing his own gold, was gone too. Brent's face grew anxious for a moment.

"I hope it is enough to take care of 'im till he gets settled again," he said. "If I'd thought he was going so soon, he

could o' had this other twenty I've got in my pocket."

Never for one moment did the slightest feeling of resentment creep into Brent's mind. They had been partners; they had been friends; if Bob wanted to go, the other could not help it; if he took all the money in the shanty, the other did not mind.

Brent left the can sitting there and went to get his breakfast. "Guess I've pretty near forgot how to make flapjacks," he said, half sorrowfully, but he went ahead bravely, made coffee and fried bacon. After breakfast he pulled on his "chaps" and started for his horse.

The pony came on the gallop when she saw her master and whinnied gently. "You're all I got now, Chiquita," Brent was running his fingers through her long mane. "Guess you an' me's pards fur good. You won't leave me, will you?"

Soon the heavy saddle had been swung into place and the cinch drawn tight. Brent fastened on his big spurs, sprung in the saddle and was off. Uppermost in his mind were the things that were generally there, but deep down in his heart was a feeling of lonesomeness. "Over the mountains we'll ride, we'll ride," he sang, but the song only depressed him. "Yes, Chiquita," he said at last, "I guess that's all that's left pleasant fur me—to ride and ride. Oh, shucks! what's the use o' talking."

And the little horse galloped on.

* * * * *

A year had passed away. 'Twas summer again, and Brent Williams galloped lazily into town for the mail; not that he ever received anything except perhaps a circular or advertisement on saddles; but there was a time when, for weeks, he had looked half hopefully for a letter—a letter that had never come. So it had grown to be a custom to ride in once a week to the little low building that was grocery, drug store and postoffice in one, and spend an hour or so among the boys. The boys liked Brent, so did everyone else, but in a year he had changed some. Once he was free, hearty and frank; now he was more quiet, as honest in his dealings but graver; as one who cares little to mingle with the ways of men. Those who knew

him best, knew that he formed no close friendships, but they did not know, nor would they have understood his great friendship with his horse. The pony was all that he had left and it meant everything to him.

Chiquita drew up before the postoffice, Brent swung himself off, drew the reins over the horse's head and let them drop to the ground, then he nodded, said "Howdy" carelessly to the assembled group, and with spurs rattling walked across the porch to the unoccupied cracker-box.

"Hear the news?" asked one of the other loungers.

"News!" said Brent. "I've almost forgotten what it sounds like. Fire away, if you don't mind."

"A stage hold-up over Big Creek way day before yesterday. Naw, no shooting; the feller was too slick for 'em. Guess he got a little something in his pockets all right; enough to pay for his trouble. Wish he'd drop into town for a little friendly visit and have a game o' cards."

"Some fun for the boys if they care to chase 'im up," Brent remarked. "Shucks, maybe he'll camp 'round here for a spell an' pay us all a visit. Guess he'd live peacefully enough as long as we waited for the law to git waked up."

The sun was setting when Brent rode slowly back to his ranch, with the latest saddle circular thrust in his pocket. "Over the mountains we'll ride, we'll ride," he mused softly. He never sang it loudly nor heartily as he once had; he enjoyed it more if he sang it to himself—and to his horse. He finished the song as he unsaddled the pony at home. Then he gave the animal an affectionate slap on the flank. "Now git out and enjoy yourself—long ride to-morrow."

* * * * *

It was in the morning when the group that always sat in front of the postoffice saw a cloud of dust coming down the road.

"Someone's hurrying," a loungeer remarked. He looked expectantly at the approaching object which proved to be a man on a sorrel horse coming with all speed.

"Brent Williams!" someone exclaimed. "Jumping broncos, what's up!"

Brent Williams, panting and excited, dashed up on a sweaty, hard-ridden horse. "Where's the Sheriff?" he asked. "Tell him I'm after that man; I guess it's the same fellow who stole my horse, Chiquita. Fellows, if it takes my life, I'll have that man—and my horse. When I say a thing I mean it. I don't want the reward; I want my horse," and, without waiting for those who offered aid, he was gone, spurring the horse to a run.

* * * * *

It was afternoon again. A man riding a tired sorrel horse was following the rough mountain trail. It was pleasant and cool where the tall pines sang softly and the quail called to one another from the brush, but the man did not notice—always, his eyes strained on, studying the horses' hoof prints where they could be seen, and always with one hand in its heavy gauntlet, clutching the revolver by his side. But night came; the horse lagged and stumbled, and the rider at last turned from the trail into a small pasture where he could spend the night. He hobbled his horse and from the saddle bag took something to eat, then he rolled up in his blankets and gazed for hours at the dark pine trees, so still and silent, sharply outlined against the clear, starlit sky. He awoke early, before the first rays of sun had removed the chill from the sharp mountain air.

"By to-night," said Brent, mounting his horse, "I'll have that man, or"—grimly—"he'll have me." Again he followed the tracks of the familiar hoof-prints on the trail. Once he found a newly-cast shoe. He stooped from his saddle, picked it up and studied it intently. He knew it well; it belonged to Chiquita. "Maybe it'll give

me luck," he said, as he tied it to his saddle and rode on.

When evening again came, he knew he was close. "When we reach the top of this hill," he spoke aloud, "the chase is done," and he clutched the gun and firmly closed his lips, while his eyes measured the distance to the top of the hill. Swiftly and carefully the horse picked his way. The sun's last rays struck the top of the mountain as the horse and rider cautiously approached. Then they stood still. Ahead, unconscious of danger, a man on a little bay horse was slowly riding along. Brent's pistol came out. He knew well it was the only way to catch a thief. Should he aim at the horse, or at the man? The man, of course, but his hand was not steady; suppose the bullet should strike the horse—should strike Chiquita—then suddenly he clutched the saddle-horn. He recognized the man; it was Bob! The hand holding the pistol dropped; with every nerve tense, Brent watched his old friend. The fugitive was fast nearing the turn where the trail curved around the mountains. There was one minute to act, but Brent sat still. For a moment, he stood on the crest of the hill, looking first back into the valley, where his lonely shanty stood, then ahead at his horse and the man who had been his friend.

"They're the only two things in the whole world I ever cared for," he said, pensively; "let 'em go on together."

They came to a turn in the path and were lost from sight. "The only two things I ever cared for," he repeated softly, and turning his horse he rode slowly down the mountain; his hand resting on a bright new horseshoe, tied to his saddle-horn.

CLARE M. HODGES, '09.

Old Friends

"Well, as true as I live. Ain't you the old lady what lived next door to me afore the earthquake?"

"Why Mrs. Brown, who'd ever thought to see you here livin' in such a fashionable house."

"Conditions have sure changed for us, Mrs. Jones, and to think of my poor old aunt in Ireland rememberin' us, always makes me feel like cryin'."

"Tears come easy to some of us, but what's this you be tellin' me, Mrs.

Brown? Do ye mean to say you'd rich ancestors in Ireland? Seems to me, you claimed to be English, and descended of some lord back there."

"Well, I do declare, Mrs. Jones, the earthquake sure shook you up. Was a time when you were so good at knowin' other folks' business, and rememberin' facts, but of course, when a body gets to be your age, us young people has got to 'xcuse 'em."

"Speakin' of ages, Mrs. Brown? I thought I saw your daughter day 'fore yesterday, but she looked so old, I wasn't sure. She must be gettin' long near forty, and never had a sweetheart."

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, Lily is still single, but it's a great mistake you've been makin' in her age. Why, her last birthday she was only twenty-seven. She's dark complexioned, Lily is, the image of my poor old aunt, afore she went to keepin' boarders. That's such a trial you know. The boarders grumble if they gets hash more 'n once a week, and aunt made the best hash I ever ate, too. Well, she just kept takin' more boarders, and havin' no one to care for, saved every nickel she made. It seems when she was young, she had a sweetheart, who went to sea."

"Never did hear of true love runnin' smooth."

"As I was sayin', after a big storm, he was reported among the missin' and aunt, from that time, never would think of marryin'. We used to write and tell her to come to America but she always refused, and we thought she felt hard towards us for leaving the old home. We kept writin', but about four months after the earthquake, we got word from an old neighbor, of how aunt had left home with a 'grand gentleman,' and returnin' said she had married her old sweetheart."

"Humph! what a pity your Lily wasn't blessed with her luck instead of her good looks."

"Well, it seems there had been a mistake in the mention of those lost, so of course he thought aunt had married, and made up his mind to be an old bachelor, but the fates were agin it, and he finally came to own a large farm in Texas. Poor old aunt felt so rich after her marrying and settling down in America, that she sent us, her poor relatives, all her hard earnin's. So here we've been since the earthquake, and now Mrs. Jones, I'll have to be sayin' good-by, as I must be goin' to town to buy my Easter bonnet."

ETHEL MAASS, '10.

The Hazing of a Scrub

"Come on, kid," said a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow who seemed to be the ringleader of a jolly crowd of upper classmen. I was hurried up the school steps and into a wide hallway where boys were talking in little groups. Here I deposited a few traps I had brought from home. My trunk, I trusted, would arrive later. It was the middle of the spring term. I had been forced to postpone my entrance on account of illness. Unfortunately, no comrades entered with me to share my discomfort as a lone scrub, as I was called. I feared hazing more than any other trial, for I was not in the best of health, but I determined to brave my troubles like a man.

After a hearty supper of coffee and rolls I was introduced by the superintendent, Mr. Gladstone, to my room-mate, Harry Stanyan. I was then escorted by them to my room. Here, Mr. Gladstone imparted to me a few matters of importance as to my deportment in school bounds. "Young man," he said, "Stanyan will, for one week, devote his leisure time to acquainting you with your new surroundings and companions."

We turned in at an early hour. My new friend was soon asleep and I could hear his steady breathing. About 12 o'clock, I should say, I was awakened suddenly by a cold draft of air. I did not move, but came readily to my senses.

The room was quite dark although the shades were up and one of the windows open. I was puzzled to know where the draft came from. On turning my eyes toward the door I saw that it stood ajar. Harry's steady breathing had stopped. Evidently he had slipped out of the room. I knew now that something was up. Suddenly I heard muffled voices and stealthy footsteps; I hardly breathed. The whispering grew louder and the night prowlers came so near the door that I could hear what was said. The door squeaked. The suspense was too much for my nerves. I was sure that I should faint if something didn't happen. But something did happen and I lost my chance. The door swung open; a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead. I heard a step and more whispering; I was eager to see who was doing the talking and how many there were. A light flashed in my face; a towel was pressed over my eyes and tied around my head. Then the same voice that had called me kid that afternoon warned me against utterance. The covers were literally torn from my bed. A low disguised voice commanded: "Move quick, freshy, and no funny business."

I jumped up and stood on the floor with one hand holding tightly to the foot of the bed. Some other fellow, whose voice sounded strangely like Harry's, told me to get into my shoes and lively, too. I answered that I would if I could see what I was doing.

"Well," said a voice, "you can at least feel what you are doing. Your shoes are beside you." At the same instant I felt a sharp sting as my shoes were kicked across the floor and hit my bare feet. I managed to get them on and lace them. No sooner was this accomplished than a hand grasped each of my arms.

"Walk straight ahead," said the voice that had first addressed me. I struck out boldly. After being escorted down one or two flights of stairs and through a chilly hallway, a door was carefully unlocked and opened. The cool night air swept in upon us. I informed my escort that I was cold as we stepped upon the stone pavement on the campus. At this remark I was promptly told to shut my

mouth or it would be closed for me. Nevertheless, a heavy sweater was slipped over my head. I now knew, although I had no say about my fate, that I was being fairly well cared for. A few minutes of walking elapsed, in which there was nothing said. The path or ground upon which we were walking descended rather abruptly and soon my feet trod upon a wooden platform. From its gentle rocking motion I knew it floated in a body of water; river, lake or pond I knew not. The sound of oars came faintly to my ears. Soon I was helped into a boat and we shoved off. The air was like ice to me but I said nothing. A few moments passed before the rowing stopped. Someone seized my ankles while two other fellows held my wrists. I was lifted bodily and before I could think the ice cold water closed over my head. Up I came and was dragged into the boat. The order was given to start. The boat shot through the water once more. I was blindfolded tighter than before but a heavy coat was wrapped about me.

Several minutes passed. The boat touched land and we stepped out on a sandy beach. I was so dizzy and cold that I was barely able to keep my feet. This was noticed by my escorts. They grew kind-hearted and uncovered my eyes. After glancing about while the boat was being tied we started up a hill that rose abruptly from the beach. Luckily, the moon was quite bright and I had a fairly good sense of direction. The fellows, while in the boat, I presumed, had masked their faces, so I did not know who they were any better than before. A seemingly round-about way up the hill was taken. Finally, after a quarter of an hour of dead silence, one of the fellows spoke to me:

"Freshy, have you ever heard of snipe?"

I was wideawake now and feeling warm from my walk was thoroughly on to their tricks.

"No," I said, innocently, "what's snipe?"

"Why," said my companion, "that is a small, edible bird that comes out at night to prey on insects."

I pretended to listen carefully as he told me what they were and how they

were caught. As we reached the top of the hill I was given the lantern and the sack.

"You hold the lantern near the mouth of the open sack. We fellows will go down the hill and drive the snipe up into your sack."

I had been snipe-hunting before, so as soon as they were out of my sight I turned the lantern low and ran quietly and swiftly down the hill toward the boat. I danced with joy when I saw it

still there. First I set the lantern in the bow where it was well concealed from the outside. I was now my own captain and lost no time in getting well across the river before I heard the angry fellows swearing over their predicament.

That morning, as I sat at the breakfast table, there were six cases of absence reported for special consideration. I patted myself on the back when I was convinced that I had foiled six seniors.

STANLEY DURBROW, '11.

Legend of Death Valley

An old Indian sat before his hut in the blazing desert sun thinking of when his ancestor was the chief of a long-forgotten tribe. I had come down from the mining town that morning to hear the wonderful legends that this lone Indian could tell.

"This desert before you was once a sea," he said. That did not seem altogether improbable and I waited eagerly for the story. His black eyes surveyed me from head to foot, but his stolid countenance betrayed no sign of emotion. After fully five minutes, when my patience was nearly exhausted, he began again, "This desert was once a sea.

"A family, banished from their tribe, encamped on the shores of this sea. There were two sons and one daughter. The sons were two tall, strong youths, and the daughter a lithe, beautiful creature with long raven tresses and eyes dark and deep as two lakes. The family lived on the fish from the sea, and the wild fowls on land.

"This was many thousands of years ago; before the white man robbed us of our land. It came time for the elder son to marry. One day he started toward the land of the setting sun. Two moons he journeyed, neither resting nor stopping. On a moonlight night he came to the village of his boyhood. All were asleep save a lovely maiden who was kneeling beside a stream, filling a water jug. The youth cautiously approached and knew

her to be the loved one of his boyhood. He seized her in his arms, murmuring her name. He won her consent to marry, and carried her off.

"One other person saw this wooing; saw the youth gather his loved one in his arms; saw her drooping head like the lily before the gentle eastern breeze; heard the soft murmur of her consent. He followed the youth. For two moons they journeyed back to the sea near his home, ever followed by the watchful one. At their return a feast was prepared, but on the eve of the wedding the mysterious one, lurking in the stillness, glided cautiously to the wigwam of the sleeping brave, carrying a poisoned dagger. The girl woke in time to see a lithe form leap to the place where her husband lay. Shrieking, she waked him. He seized the form of his enemy and choked him to death.

"This family was the first of my race. They multiplied and learned to build boats, built houses of clay and implements for warfare. One day, when all of the tribe were on shore, came a terrible rumbling sound. The earth became infirm and rocked fearfully. The Indians ran from their huts, knowing that they had angered the sun, the chief of their gods. They straightway fell to praying. All day slight tremblings occurred. The very mountains seemed to stagger, while the calm surface of the sea became agitated. For thirteen days the tremblings continued, then the earth seemed at rest.

There were great cracks in the mountains and great stones were torn from their places.

"All that winter, the dry west winds blew, bringing no rain. The people must face starvation or seek a new dwelling place. They sought one higher on the mountain. The west winds continued sucking up the moisture of the sea and drying the rivers that fed it. Again the people moved. This time far away, three days' journey; but a few families remained.

"For many hundred moons the west winds continued to lap up the moisture of the sea. Years reduced it to a desert waste. I am the last of the race that inhabited the shores of the sea."

I looked out on the desert, thinking of the sea that once rippled there. After all, was it true? I could not dispute it, because at that moment the dry west winds were sweeping down the mountain side, carrying its thirsty heat. I thanked the old Indian for his legend. He grunted answer and I took my leave.

HELEN TILLEMANN, '12.

An Incident of the Pony Express

Church was over. The bugler had just sounded the mess call, and the soldiers were going to dinner. I was sitting on the veranda of the Deadwood postoffice, my horse saddled, waiting to carry the mail to Cheyenne. Major Edwards of Company B saw me and said, "Want to keep your eyes open, Jim. The Sioux are swarming on the north side of the North Platte. A dispatch from Laramie reported three teamsters killed and their wagons burned."

The mail arrived and soon I was leaving the little town of Deadwood behind. My next station was fifty miles away, a cavalry bivouac, where I would change horses. I had not ridden far before I was aware that a party of Indians had gone along the same trail but a short time before. Things looked serious. I had a carbine and a revolver against some thirty or forty Sioux Indians. I turned from the Laramie trail and rode over a ridge where I was hidden by the tall pines, and although I lost some time, I was much safer than on the road. I had ridden some twenty-five miles when I was attracted by a little cloud of dust a few miles down the river. As I drew nearer I could see a band of Indians in which tiny black dots were moving and other little dots dodging back and forth from the main band. They were Sioux Indians on the warpath.

I halted, tied Bill to a sapling, and peered over the ridge. It was some time before I could determine the direction in which they were moving. My hopes fell. They were coming toward me. The whole band stopped while the scouts searched the neighborhood. Soon the party retired behind some timber. I could now guess at their intentions. It was evident that they were preparing to swoop down upon some unsuspecting victim or victims. My blood ran cold. It was time for the Deadwood stage to pass through this part of the Platte valley.

A small cloud of dust appeared on the horizon. Gradually it increased and soon a black spot emerged which I thought must be the stage. To my surprise it passed the timber safely. The question now was, had the Indians ridden away or gone further up the road. Ten minutes later the war party dashed out upon the stage coach. It was almost certain death but I could not bear to see the occupants of the stage killed without lending what little aid I could. I loosened my carbine and put the spurs to Bill. As I rode from the ravine I could hear the faint reports of rifles in the distance. I urged the horse and was soon within range of the war party.

The driver was shot on his seat. The frightened mules were tangled in the traces; one wheeler lay quivering in the

agony of death. The occupants of the coach were putting up a brave defense, thus seemingly to prolong their sufferings. The Indians circled about, yelling and firing showers of arrows into the coach. Several of the Indians possessed guns which did most of the bloody work. My appearance on the scene held their attention but a short time; there was something of greater importance. The Indians had ceased shooting but rode about the stage in a threatening manner. Then the prettiest picture I ever saw in my life was Uncle Sam's cavalry charging over the ridge with drawn carbines. God had sent rescuers.

The sun set behind the bluff, casting a bloody glow on the arrow and bullet-riddled coach. A little band of soldiers—two already wounded—and five passen-

gers stood guard over the dead. Out upon the open plain here and there lay innocent Indian ponies, victims of this savage attack. Twice the savages swept down only to be repelled by well aimed bullets which tumbled many to the ground. Then the Indians withdrew and tried to cripple our party by long range shots. The bullets kicked up dust all around—there was no shelter. The ground was littered with empty cartridges and two more animals were felled to the earth; one of the men moaned and with a gasp passed into eternity. The war party now drew off, the scouts firing a few parting shots.

Darkness hid the bloody field and the shrill military bugle sounded the brave victory.

BERT DELERAY, '10.

The Stream

In the sunny Santa Cruz mountains runs the clear, sparkling waters of many little brooks. After the cold season is over and the warmth of May has come, the snow upon the mountains melts, turning these little brooks into rivers of clear, blue water.

The campers then set forth for their vacation. Sometimes a lazy man may be seen sitting on a bank waiting for the fish to bite. But the noisy little creek, as it goes tumbling over the rocks on its way to the ocean, laughs to itself and says in

a saucy little way, "For lazy people, I carry no fish. I am only here to refresh the tired travelers."

Just as the sun sinks behind the high mountains, and the campers sit down to take their evening meal, the blue waters of the streamlet are turned to gold. Within a few hours the moon appears above the mountains on the East and this, with the liquid music of rustling leaves and the babble of the brook for companions, act as protectors through the long hours of the night.

FLORENCE BATES, '12.



In the Future

Being an extract from the diary of a future investigator into the mysteries of these dark ages. Written in a strange tongue in the Year of Grace, 4909.

Jan. 30.

To-day our excavators cleared away the debris that has choked the narrow alley we have been following. Toward evening we came upon the ruins of a small brick building, remarkable for no other reason than that it is in a much better state of preservation than any yet discovered. Above the doorway was a short inscription in the same language as those previously found. By the use of our key we were able to decipher the unbroken parts of the inscription. This states that the building was completed in 1894 and was used for a school. This date is very important as it is the first definite knowledge we have of the time at which this long buried city flourished.

If the interior of this building is as well preserved as external appearances indicate, we have hopes of finding something that may shed further light upon the customs of the ancient people who inhabited this city. If, as the inscription would indicate, this building was a school we may even hope to find some manuscripts. These inscriptions prove beyond a doubt that the people had a written language, even though it was crude, and it is natural to suppose that they must have written some books. The finding of one of these would be of inestimable value to science.

Jan. 31.

To-day we continued our researches. A most interesting and valuable relic was found in a small brass plate bearing an inscription. This we found to be as follows:

"This work-bench was brought from South America to San Francisco in 1847, by James Lick. The foundation of his large fortune and the source of his power to confer great and lasting benefits upon his fellow-citizens and upon mankind was honest and faithful labor."

From this it would appear that the

name of this city was San Francisco. This man, James Lick, was evidently a great philanthropist of his time, a forerunner of our present philanthropists.

The upper part of the building was destroyed by the catastrophe which overwhelmed the city, but the lower part was better preserved and here we found a number of broken scraps of iron. From their form we judged them to be cooking utensils. In another part of the building we found a very interesting collection of rocks and a jumble of broken glass. This must have been a chemical laboratory. The collection shows that at that remote age a beginning had been made in the study of scientific subjects. Unfortunately such havoc was wrought here that we can tell but little of the extent of their knowledge.

Feb. 1.

In close proximity to the building last described we have found another connected to the first by what was once a stone walk. As in the first building, the upper part was destroyed. We found here a lot of tools, mostly broken, and a few crudely constructed devices, all more or less broken. One of these had evidently been an engine for generating power, and the rest looked as if they might have been iron working machines. The engine must have been driven by steam, as there was near by the ruins of a boiler.

Feb. 2.

To-day we finished our explorations of the building. In one part was a heap of sand. Near to this we found the remains of a brick-lined cylindrical chamber. This was undoubtedly a foundry. The last place we found was the remains of an old smithy. Several forges were fairly well preserved, and a number of small striking tools were found, but the most interesting thing was a hammer, quite probably driven by steam. It appears that steam must have furnished the principal motive power in those days.

As we gazed upon the ruins of these

we could not help trying to picture to ourselves what would be the astonishment and mute wonder of one of these ancient denizens of the earth if he could return for a day and see our modern workmen generating power by a radium engine—a machine no larger than his two fists producing one hundred horsepower. Perhaps at this early date they may have heard of this powerful metal whose alpha particles flying into the ether are now used to repel uranium armatures at high speed, thus developing hundreds of horsepower with only an ounce of either metal.

Our foundry men and blacksmiths heat their metal with the sun's heat. This is brought about by the thermo-vibraroscope—a device made of seven glass tetraedrons that change the light waves

into waves of heat. We had hoped to find in this school some traces of these scientific investigations, but we must conclude that the only source of commercial heat then known was obtained through the burning of combustible materials, probably coal—that once great article of fuel now entirely exhausted.

Truly, we must consider ourselves fortunate to be living in the time of airships, perpetual motion (the radium engine), and other scientific discoveries no less important. Yet we must admit that our knowledge began in just such places as the school we have been excavating. This school seems to have been the forerunner of our modern technical institutions, and these, perhaps, we owe to this ancient, James Lick.

WILLIAM R. McNAIR, '11.

A Hard Struggle

"Just our luck," exclaimed a discouraged voice as I rounded the corner.

"What's happened," I asked as I confronted two chums.

"Hello, Will," they answered in concert. "Have you heard about Jack?"

"No; what's up?"

"He fell in the skating race last night and sprained his wrist and—"

"What, you don't mean to say that Jack—"

"Yes, I do," returned Bob Owen, "and that isn't all either, it was his right wrist and the doctor says he can't toss a ball for three weeks. We are up against it now."

"Yes, and the Marysville game only two weeks off, and it's the game of our lives, too."

"What can we do about it?" I asked.

"Well," returned Bob, "the only thing I see is for me to get into the box and put you in my place at catching. I don't know much about pitching, but I'll practice my head off."

"Yes, but you won't be able to get enough control and curve to get those

Marysville whizzers. We won't stand a ghost of a show," said Fred.

"We have to do it, that's all," said Bob with decision.

"I'll do my best to fill your place at first, Will," spoke up Fred, "but I don't see what good it will do. I think we are up against the real thing."

"We've got to work harder than we ever did before, that's all," Bob said as they started on. "So long, Will; see you Monday."

So this is the fix we're in, I thought to myself as I slowly walked toward home. Seems like that's our luck every time. We get a good team and work up to the final game, then something happens to our best players. We found the same situation last year in football, but we came out on top, so I guess we can do it this season in baseball. But things look bad for us now; as though we might lose the championship after all.

The next week was a blue one for Lakeview. Everybody knew of the accident which had befallen Jack Towne, Lakeview's only pitcher and the best one

in the league, too. Almost every one thought Lakeview's chance for the championship slim, although a few expected to have a fighting chance. "Why," they said, "we didn't have any too good a chance with Jack Towne in the box and now what can we do against Marysville, who has not met a defeat this season. There will be no end to the score." And these words expressed the general opinion of the school.

But they failed to consider the spirit of a few fellows upon whom depended the result of that game. If one chanced along a certain lot near the Owen's place early in the morning or late in the evening, he could have seen three young fellows practicing earnestly at their new positions. They were no other than Bob Owen, Fred Newman and myself. Jack Towne was there with his arm in a sling, trying to teach Bob the tricks of a twirler. So we practiced every night and morning by ourselves, while in the afternoon the whole team went through a couple of hours' hard practice.

"Well," Bob said as we walked in from our last night's practice, "we have done our best and to-morrow decides our reward. You fellows have done well, and I have those curves so that I can control them."

"We'll have to play the game of our lives and we need the school behind us," I ventured.

"They must support us or we can't win," he answered. "Get a good night's rest and be fresh for to-morrow. Good night, fellows," and he turned in at his gate.

The sun glistened down upon the bleachers in Lakeview Recreation Park as the crowd gathered from far and near to witness the great game to be played for the high school championship. From one side could be seen a sea of red and white banners flying in the air; from the other the familiar black and gold floated bravely in the air.

In the corner of the field near the black and gold section our team had been called by Captain Owen. "Fellows," he began, "you know what we are up against. We've all tried hard up until now and this is the climax. We will soon know

the result of our practice. Out on that field, in nine short innings, our work of the last three months will be lost or gained. It's up to every one of us to decide which it will be. Now fellows fight! Remember the colors and the school are behind you; don't give up. That's all; now to your places."

A wild cheer broke from the black and gold as we trotted to our places. Owen won the toss and chose the field. Marysville's first man stood at the bat; I gave the signal for the first ball; it went a little wild. "Ball!" yelled the umpire. Bob was a little nervous but the next one shot through like a bullet. The batter missed. The next was fouled but down came another. "Out," yelled the umpire, and Lakeview went wild. The next man struck out; the third did no better. We came to the bat but failed to make a base. Again Marysville came up and this time scored two runs. We again failed to score.

"Keep cool and save yourself," I said to Bob as he again went to the box. This time Marysville went down, one, two, three. We took the bat again, this time scoring a run; third inning ended 2 to 1 for Marysville. In the fourth neither team scored but in the fifth each added one. The sixth inning tied the score. This set Lakeview wild. A tie and three more innings. Marysville went in to do or die. Both knew the hardest was yet to come. In the seventh our opponents tried to score but by clever infield work we put the third man out and left two on base. The Marysville rooters went wild when the team brought home another man. When we came to the bat we tried hard but one man on base was all we could do. Marysville then came to the bat for the last time.

Bob's arm was well used up but his face was set; he would make every ball count. The first man struck out; the second made first followed by the next. Two men on bases and but one out. We must hold them. The next batter struck at the first ball, fouled the second; the third cut the plate into my glove with a thud. Two gone. If we could only get the next one. He struck the first a foul. The next went wild. The next sank into

my glove a strike. Then a swift swing and the ball shot into the air. It was the pitcher's ball. Every one stood breathless. The ball landed in Bob's hands.

Now came the last half of the ninth inning with the score 4 to 3 in favor of Marysville. Our first man struck out. Then I came; I missed the first; the sec-

ond went a foul. Then—the ball shot over shortstop's head. I made first. Bob came to the bat; his every muscle set. The first he missed. Then a swift drive and the ball shot beyond centerfield. I came home as Bob rounded third. The crowd went wild as Bob slid over home plate just in time. The game was over. Lakeview had won, 5 to 4.

ROY T. MEEKER, '09.

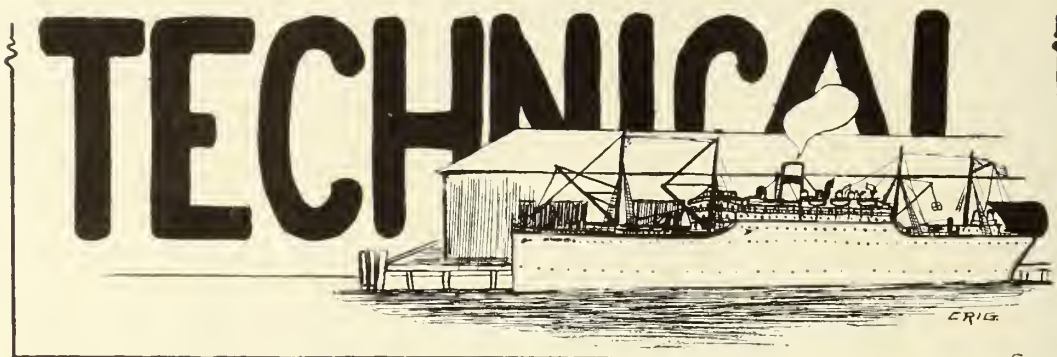
St. Valentine's

Once more the earth has marked its round,
The winter sun glints the sombre sky;
The angry roaring storm has reached its bound,
And pipes his tunes of mirth on mountains high.

What voice cries loudly on the blast
In tones that cheer you, stately pines?
It is the voice of dawn, now breaking fast
To a day of mirth—St. Valentine's.

Richard A. St. John, '09.





Canning Salmon in Alaska

Second in importance to the mineral resources only, is the fishing industry of Alaska. On its many branches depends the cargoes of dozens of immense steel ships, the livelihood of hundreds of natives, and fully one-half the world's supply of fish oil and canned salmon. Whales abound in the icy water and are caught in large numbers for their valuable oil; schools of herring, thousands in numbers, are caught in large purse seines, and boiled down for the oil and glue they contain, and last but far from least, salmon are caught every year and canned by the millions. It is this industry of canning fish upon a large scale that I shall deal with.

I had heard so much of the methods employed in canning salmon that when the opportunity of personally inspecting one of the largest and most successful canneries in Alaska came I accepted with misgivings, and prophesied that I would probably never eat canned salmon again. Whether the Thlinket Cannery or Funtler Bay is an exceptional one, or the stories I had heard were false, my fears were groundless and I found the process absolutely clean.

In this business the old proverb, "You must first catch your fish," holds good literally as well as figuratively, so, early in July, when the fish begin to run, the cannery opens and sets out its nets. This

used to be done by stretching seines across the mouths of the small streams, which during the spawning season are filled with salmon. The Indian stores his year's supply of food at this time by hooking as many of the fish with a strong steel hook attached to a long pole as he can while they swim past up stream. These seines at the mouth of the streams cut off the supply, as the fish at this season will not take a hook and line. Consequently a law was passed prohibiting any one to obstruct the free passage of the fish up a stream, and this is the reason why, when a stream is dammed, a fish ladder, or series of pools from which the fish may jump, step at a time, is always provided. The traps now used are built by driving a line of piles straight out from the shore for a distance of a quarter mile and hanging nets between them. At the outer end a large circular trap is built of piles, having a single narrow opening pointing inward directly in front of the long line of nets. From the piles a large bag net is hung, which may be raised out and emptied into waiting scows. The fish, swimming close in shore, looking for navigable creeks, strike the long line of nets and in trying to swim around the obstruction are led into the trap. The traps are emptied at regular intervals. The scows are then towed to the cannery by the company's tug and un-

loaded by an endless chain conveyor. The conveyor deposits the shining, slippery fish on the cannery floor, where men stand ready to separate the different varieties; the sock-eyes, being the most highly prized as the flesh is bright red; the pink, the next most valuable, and the dog salmon, whose flesh is white.

Whatever variety is being canned at the time is thrown in a pile near the "iron chink," or cleaning machine, so named when it took the place of human "chinks" a few years ago. The fish are fed into the "iron chink" by an Indian. The first operation is to catch the fish in a vice-like holder and draw it over two knives which sever the head and tail; it is then caught by an endless chain which passes it over a series of rapidly revolving knives. The first of these knives removes the fins from the back; the second, the fins from the belly, and a third slits the fish down the belly while a scraper removes the entrails. The fish leaves the machine at almost the same place it entered, and is carried by an endless conveyor to a table where the cleaning is completed by Indian women. The first operation is then over.

When cleaned the fish are placed in slotted steel baskets attached to an endless chain and carried over revolving circular knives which pass through the slots and cut the fish into pieces an inch and a half or so long. The pieces are then deposited in a large hopper connected to the canning machine below.

The canning machine carries eight empty cans in a circular holder, filled by an Indian. As an empty can is brought into place, a measured amount of the meat falls into it from the hopper and is pressed down by a heavy ram. The filled can is then placed on an endless belt and carried past Indian women who make up any shortage in the measure of meat, place a small square of tin in the can to prevent the solder from touching the meat, and place a lid upon the can. The can is then carried to a machine where the lid is pressed into place and after

leaving this machine is tipped up on edge and soldered by being rolled through a narrow trough of melted solder. It is then heated to a high temperature by jets of steam to expel the air from the can, and while still hot the small vent left in the lid is soldered by hand.

From the canning machine to the soldering table the can has been carried along by a series of moving belts traveling almost as fast as one can walk, and at no time has a human hand touched it, save to place on a lid or to make up a shortage as the can passed by. The cans are next placed in steel baskets capable of holding several dozen, and lowered by a crank into a large vat of boiling water, where they remain five or six minutes. This process is to detect any flaw in the can or in its soldering; bubbles will appear if the can leaks. The baskets are then hoisted out, and placed upon small hand trucks and run into large retorts, where they are kept at a temperature of 100° centigrade for several hours.

The salmon is now ready for market after the can has been tested for leaks by an old Indian who raps each with a small hammer and notices defects by the different sounds. The outside of the can must now be made attractive to the eye, for nine persons out of every fifteen forget that beauty is only skin deep and buy canned goods by the label. This is done by rolling the cans through troughs of lacquer to prevent rusting, and when dry labeling. The labeling is done by hand, but the speed and accuracy with which the natives work rivals machinery. The finished cans are then boxed, two dozen in a case, and loaded upon waiting steamers.

The cannery man's task is finished and before the first snows have fallen he has closed his establishment for the winter and returned to Seattle or San Francisco, leaving his native helpers to live through the sunless, icy winter on the small proceeds of his summer's work and the fish his squaw has smoked for them.

HUGH B. WEBSTER, '11.

[illegible]

Exchanges address to C. S. M. A., 16th and Utah
Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Victor F. Lenzen, '09.....	Associate
Frank B. DeLano, '09.....	Technical
Clare M. Hodges, '09.....	
Ray E. Chatfield, '10.....	School Notes
Laurence W. Dickey, '09.....	
Harold P. Nachtrieb, '09.....	Exchanges
John O. Little, '09.....	
Herman Henderson, '10.....	Athletics
Marguerite Boyd, '10.....	
Leland Weber, '09.....	
Oswald G. Lawton, '09.....	Jokes
Clyde A. Pitchford, '10.....	
Walter L. Bowles, '09.....	
John H. Phillips, '09.....	Shop Notes
Viola Winter, '09.....	
Geo. A. Gallagher, '08.....	
Geo. Leigh Rodgers, '08.....	Alumni
Clive S. Winter, '10.....	
Wm. A. Richardson, '10.....	Artists
Rolla B. Watt, '10.....	Staff Photographer

Fred B. Hornick, '10	Bertha Knell, '09
Chas. E. Lutz, '09	Gladys Elliot, '10
Helmut Strauss, '09	

Some persons are apt to over-estimate popularity in choosing candidates. Popularity is of course an important factor, as upon that depends the good will and support of some students, but by far the most important consideration is ability. Upon that hinges the life and execution of whatever office a person may hold. It is to be more considered than experience, for that is readily gained in the school of life. On an equal footing with ability is activity. Select active men; men who are wide awake and who are not daunted by staring failure. Yet care must be used in selecting active men, because they usually have many duties and the addi-

tion of one as important as a Student Body office might prove unwise.

So underclassmen, particularly Juniors, look around, find those who are best fitted to direct student affairs during the next year, and put them before the students to choose from.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

Wednesday afternoon has been an institution in this school for a year now, and the time has come when we must weigh the results. It has been with this idea in mind that the Student-Faculty Council has worked, and to that body must go the credit for the registry system now in force.

Since Wednesday afternoon is three hours taken directly out of academic time, Mr. Merrill has demanded that this time be profitably employed in Student Activities by a large majority of the students. Last term there was no doubt, that but a small minority profited, and we ran the risk of losing this valuable privilege.

It is now required that all students employ on the average of two hours per week in Student Activities; a mark to be given on the quarterly reports for such participation. This mark will affect the yearly standing of the student, and Mr. Merrill's final recommendation in deportment and character, will be largely based upon this record. In this way Student Activities are made an influential necessity in the school life, and upon this record depends the fate of Wednesday afternoon.

Those who were members of this Student Body before Wednesday afternoon was introduced, can testify to the importance which it has gained in student affairs. The Debating Society and the Inter-Class Athletics, are built almost entirely upon this, and the loss of it at the present time would mean practically the entire collapse of the fabric under which we are now working.

Believing that the Student Body has scarcely grasped the full import of the experiment now being made, THE TIGER wishes to emphasize the importance of Wednesday afternoon as an institution in

this school, and urge the students to make profitable use of a privilege which is unique in High School annals. It lies with the student body to make it successful and permanent. Its success lies with your interest; your honest and sincere use of the time given you! Lick has made a name for itself in student self-government; don't fail in this.

ATHLETIC CONTROL.

With the advent of the secondary schools in the United States, a new field of athletic activity was created. In the beginning students for these schools were drawn from the lower years of the Universities and the post-graduate courses of the Grammar Schools, and were therefore perfectly capable of carrying on the systems then used in the Colleges. The Colleges had developed these systems and gladly handed them over to the secondary schools as they later benefited because of this preliminary development.

This field of activity was rapidly extended, until to-day High Schools of the nation combat against each other for athletic supremacy. To facilitate such interscholastic competition, numerous leagues have been formed throughout the country. These leagues greatly increase the spirit devoted to athletics in general and rapidly enlarge their scope, until at the present time a league's sphere of control may spread over many counties or even whole states.

At this point serious complications arise, for a league of such proportions necessarily has much business and decides numerous affairs which require judicious and delicate action in their administration. They have developed to this point with a governing body consisting of representatives from each school under their supervision, and this body has now become a cumbersome and unwieldy convention. Its sessions are incomplete in attendance, and local delegates predominate. Every delegate strives to secure an advantage for the school he represents, and the community interests so important to the league's welfare, suffer in direct consequence.

The Academic League of our own State illustrates these conditions perfectly. It includes schools of Northern and Central California. The conditions existing in country schools, schools in the inland towns, and those adjacent to the Bay bring before the convention of League delegates questions to which no one answer can suffice. The sphere of its influence has become too large, and distant schools suffer lack of attention and representation at its meetings. Its meetings have become too large and little is accomplished. Transportation of teams prohibits proper competition. These and many other conditions exist in opposition to the welfare of the League and the outcome of much study has been a plan of complete revision which was recently submitted to the schools for consideration.

This plan provides for a system of sub-leagues in California, perhaps eight in number. They will have complete charge of all local affairs and will be bound together as the Academic League of California for general control. The sub-leagues will manage and provide for all competitions leading to Sub-league championships. In radical departure from the previous rule, the sub-leagues will be allowed the privilege of granting such medals, pennants or trophies as they see fit.

Sub-league champions will aspire for League honors through a set of semi-final games. The A. A. L. Board of Managers will provide for and manage all such competitions, and will divide the net proceeds between the two sub-leagues and the schools represented by the competing teams. The proceeds of the final games will go to the League treasury as at present, but the League in all the games under its management, guarantees to assume all responsibility as to deficits, etc.

From each sub-league two delegates will go to the A. A. L. convention to represent the sub-league interests. One will be the chairman of the sub-league and one elected from the sub-league convention. The president of the A. A. L. will be an individual other than a sub-league delegate.

First, the granting of local government to the sub-league relieves the A. A. L. of

its greatest load, and places the trouble where it originates for settlement. It removes the one great bone of contention—school interests. Each sub-league may legislate to meet its own prevailing conditions. The League retains three conditions as beyond the power of any one sub-league to revise—the scholarship and registration requirements and amateur standing of competitors. These are requirements which should be uniform and therefore are only for the head body to arrange.

The second great benefit derived will be in the fact that instead of a central convention of some forty delegates chosen to represent their schools, there will be but sixteen at most, and they because of their requirements and mode of election will be the most competent available in all the sub-league conventions. Therefore, again they are the most capable body securable to perform the general duties and decide the general questions arising before the A. A. L.

Thirdly, there will remain no chance for splits on school interests, for such interests must be settled in the local convention. Then, as the geographical segregation of the League into sub-leagues will demand community interests, they have these to decide. The several community interests form only a general question.

Fourthly, the local management of all sub-league activities, deciding of all protests, and arranging of all schedules, by the sub-league convention simplifies competition and assures an improvement over the long delays on decisions at the end of the season, heretofore so aggravating. Twenty-four hours will settle any local question under this plan.

Granting medals and trophies by the sub-league for its championships, offers a fairer chance to the weaker leagues, and also to the weaker athlete. Team trophies are a great factor in stimulating school interest. Individual medals and trophies are not promotive of the best traits of the individual athlete, but if we must have them, let their distribution tend to the best interests and the greatest promotion of the sport.

Semi-final games, of course, will be managed only by the A. A. L. Board of

Managers as they lead to League championships. The handling of semi-final finances and assuming of all responsibility of such activities by the A. A. L. Board eliminates all chance of a stronger sub-league gaining an advantage over a weaker one.

The division of proceeds from semi-final and final games affords a field for much discussion and dissatisfaction in the plan of revision. One point, however, is evident. Some one must share his spoils to allow a sub-league treasury to exist. As the balance still remains intact, it seems only fair that both sides concede a portion of the present share of proceeds to this fund. The A. A. L. still has its usual expenses, and in addition has assumed semi-final responsibilities which will be very heavy when distant sub-league teams compete.

The schools, on the other hand, have always received the proceeds from all semi-final games and find this in many cases insufficient to maintain a team through to the final game. Much fault, however, lies in the system of management, and a mutual contribution of shares from both sides will probably settle this question favorably to all. From another light, our athletics have assumed a phase of being over-worked and over-stocked. Seasons are not well arranged, or occur too often.

Schools attempt to maintain too many teams in the field. Extremes are approached to secure championships. From these existing conditions arise many unjust criticisms and much misapplied blame.

The prime object of athletics was to develop and moralize, but now it has become solely to win, and the result is demoralization. Students, the one answer to your criticisms is, abandon your professional coaches and trainers, choose competent managers, place a check on the handlers of your finances, and go into the activities for the sport in them, and that alone. The evil of financial affairs is within the schools themselves, and under the more easily managed, more easily suited sub-league conditions, it is to be hoped that these troubles will be singled out and stamped from our sphere of athletic activity forever.

The Student Body of this school realizes the numerous benefits it will derive from the complete revision of the A. A. L., and takes pleasure and pride in stepping forward and asserting its firm stand on the issue.

Mr. Charles Mel, '06, our delegate to the League, has been earnestly advocating the change during the past year and THE TIGER assures him that he has our hearty support.



EXCHANGES



"The Owl," Fresno, Cal.—The November and December issues of the "Owl" are at hand, and without the slightest hesitation we pronounce them the most enjoyable of our exchanges. The literature is exceptionally well handled; the story, "A Vision in White Mull," being especially commendable. We would like to make one observation, however. The drawing in the first of the Christmas number—does not the combination of the earnest face of the girl and the tender way in which she is clasping an "Owl" to her bosom, appear rather incongruous?

"The Chapparral," Stanford University—"Chappie," as you call your paper, certainly appeals to the bright side of things. We are always glad to find him on our table.

"Totem," Seattle, Wash.—The November and December issues present a neat and attractive appearance. We are glad to see the school proud of its football team, but football news seems to be too prominent in the literary organ of the school.

"The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y.—Your last two numbers rank among the best of our exchanges. The stories are exceptionally good, while the jokes and limericks deserve special mention. However, fresh department headings would be an improvement.

"Whims," Seattle, Wash.—Class departments, as you have edited them, are always interesting and welcome to us, but they do not by any means take the place of a good literary department. One lone tale, and that having its plot dependent on an incredible action, is not very satisfying.

"The Polytechnic," San Francisco.—The December "Polytechnic" is at hand and contains much commendable work. The opening story describing the grand canyon of the Colorado is interesting and the jokes are good.

"The Oracle," Bakersfield, Cal.—The January Oracle contains the best stories we have yet found in a high school journal. The plots are interesting and the construction clear. With your ads confined to the back of the book, a table of contents, and more distinction to the departments, you would rank with the best.

"Crimson and Gray," Waitsburg High.—"The Crimson and Gray" is not quite up to the standard of high school journals. The cuts, especially, are poor and work must be encouraged in that line.

"The Madrono," Palo Alto, Cal.—The arrangement and general appearance is pleasing, but the joke column is not amply enough supplied. "My Last Vacation" contains some good and interesting description.

"Blue and White," Sacred Heart College.—Your papers are well arranged under neat and clever headings. The absence of a well edited column of jokes is detrimental to your popularity, however.

"The Courier," Boise High School.—The absence of a cover design and the rather poor cuts are the chief points to be criticized in the October and November editions. The few short stories printed were good.

"The Ilex," Woodland.—We welcome the "Ilex" and hope that future issues will keep up the standard of the November number. It contains a well written literary department and good jokes.

"Wilmerding Life," San Francisco.—Your December issue shows a marked improvement over preceding ones. The literary department, combining fiction and technical articles, is excellent.

"The Bell," San Jose, Cal.—"How long, O Lord, how long!" as the man remarked when a seven-foot maiden preceded him into the church. You don't seem to realize, Bell, that you would have a good pa-

per if you would only provide for an interesting exterior as well as interior, by giving that over-worked cover design eternal rest. Your departments are good, although somewhat brief, and show an influx of school spirit since last issue.

"Commercial," San Francisco.—The "Commercial" is another of our best exchanges, and the December edition prints some good stories. The cuts are also above the average and the students are to be congratulated on their good work.

"The Trident," Santa Cruz.—"The Trident" begins the new year with a very neat publication. A trifle more quantity together with your quality will make a marked improvement, however.

"The Sequoia," Redwood City.—The general style of the "Sequoia" is excellent, but its brevity is a disappointment. For a biennial issue three stories do not speak strongly for your student body.

"The Cogswell," San Francisco.—A most commendable journal through and through. Hitherto we have withheld harsh criticisms on account of the inexperience (presumed) of the editors. Now we are free to say that nothing derogatory need be said about your productions.

"The Occident," Rochester, N. Y.—As a whole the "Occident" presents a pleasing appearance, both inside and out, and the atmosphere of clean sport is certainly commendable.

"Tocsin," Santa Clara.—Each new issue is anticipated with interest and we have nothing but praise for you. Each new reader adds an admirer and you have a host of friends at Lick.

"Ulati," Vacaville, Cal.—The "Ulati," from Vacaville High, comes as a new and welcome exchange. Your cover could be improved upon, but the general makeup is good. For an initial production you have made a splendid start, and we wish you the most prosperous of futures.

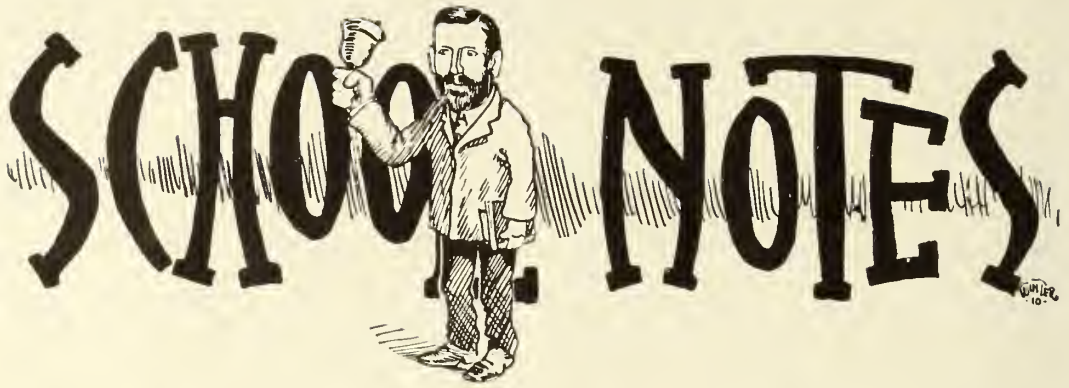
"The Sentinel," Harvard Military School.—"The Sentinel," is well illustrated but the last two editions are rather brief. The stories are well written. The jokes and joshes are not strongly represented.

"Normal Pennant," San Jose, Cal.—The Christmas "Pennant" comes to us replete with interest. The literary department is commendable. "Fate's Pawn" is perhaps the most interesting story, but the interim between the climax and anti-climax is too great. The jokes should be improved: they contain very little humor.

We regret that lack of space forbids more than a mention of the following:

"Red and Blue," New York; "The Umpqua," Roseburg, Oregon; "High School Bulletin," Memphis, Tenn.; "Tattler," El Paso, Texas; "Sotoyoman," Healdsburg, Cal.; "Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.; "Ye Searchlight," San Rafael, Cal.





The most interesting of the rallies was the Recapitulation Rally, held the last Wednesday in the term. It opened with an Ali-be-bo, after which Mr. Merrill took the rostrum. He congratulated the Student Body and its officers for the successful management of its activities during the term.

Will Middleton and Sidney Holman both gave a brief résumé of the football season and its results. Then in appreciation of what they had done, the highest token of the Student Body—the Block L—was presented to each of the following: Holman, Murray, Meeker, Smith '11, Gardiner, Wharff, Thornton, Banta, Lieb, Ingram, Layton, Phillips, E. Smith '10, Wittenmyer Jones, Padilla and Michel. Baxter, Hummel and Manager Boxtton were presented with Block L's for their work with the team. A motion was carried awarding to Will and George Middleton and Fred Samuels honor medals to be presented at the annual rally in June.

Dixon and Meeker received Block L's in track; Meeker then summed up the work of the fall season.

A selection was favored us by the Glee Club, after which medals from S. F. L. '08 spring track meet were awarded, and Margo, Steel and Dill received Block L's in swimming.

The result of Tag Day—a girls' inter-

class basketball trophy—was presented by Mr. Beatty, on behalf of the boys, to the girls. Miss Frank received the cup for the girls, and the rally adjourned to see "As You Like It," staged by the '10 class.

DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

Following the Recapitulation Rally Wednesday, December 16, 1908, the Dramatic Department of the Debating Society presented a one-act farce comedy entitled "A Domestic Dilemma." The cast was chosen from the different classes and the result of their efforts was appreciated by an enthusiastic audience.

Hueter, '11, played the part of Mr. Ashmeade, the hero, who is mistaken for his valet, in a "deuced fine, very clevah manner, doncher know."

Chicote, '11, was well suited for the young and dignified theological student and did his part well.

Miss Iverson, '10, as the athletic girl, Christina Bruce, was charming and would have pleased a most critical audience.

Who could imagine a more delightfully flustered housewife than Miss Hodges, '09, as Mrs. Wynne, or a more striking characterization of the independent modern servant, as presented by Miss Klatt, '12?

The plot, while not complex brought forth amusing situations and complications, which were finally unraveled in a satisfactory manner.

Miss Otto coached the cast, and the success of the playlet was due, to no slight degree, to her helpful suggestions.

JUNIOR DANCE.

The class of nineteen hundred ten made its debut into school society on Friday evening, December 11, 1908, by giving a dance in "Our Hall" in honor of the Lick football team. The hall was comfortably filled; about eighty couples dancing and a number of onlookers present.

The decorations were most appropriate; ferns, pine and fir boughs interlaced with golden streamers, here and there dotted by footballs. Class pennants covered the walls and pillars, making a very pretty and attractive setting for the festivity.

Captain Holman was presented with a football by Miss Gillette, in behalf of the class. In expressing his appreciation he gave a brief account of the past season. The music furnished by the Lick Trio was very creditable, and the dancing continued until an early hour, when every one left with a happy remembrance of a delightful evening.

CANDY SALE.

A candy sale was held by the girls of the school Thursday, January 21st, in order to help pay the football debt. The girls all donated candy and it was a very tempting array that was set forth before the eyes of the unsuspecting public. Appropriate mottoes, such as "Eat now and die later," "Show your Lick endurance," etc., were displayed on the walls of the color room in which the sale was held.

The Senior girls presided over the sale, and promptly at 12 o'clock customers arrived; and by half past only empty counters greeted the eyes of still hungry boys. An auction then was held, and some boxes and a small football of candy went to the highest bidders.

There were various declarations of pain and pleasure made by the boys, and for some unknown reason a few of them were absent for a few days following. Every one was a cheerful sufferer, however, and showed true Lick spirit.

GIRLS' RALLY.

Something new occurred on Wednesday afternoon, February 10th, something that will not soon be forgotten—a rally conducted solely by the girls. Miss Frank, vice-president of the Student Body, officiated, and cleverly handled one of the best rallies the school has ever attended. "Sis" Gillette, as yell-leader, led the school in a rousing opening Ali-be-bo, and directed the girls in singing, "Here's to the Black and Gold," "Dear Old Lick" and other selections.

All of the activities were represented by different girls. Captains of the class teams expressed their opinions of basketball. THE TIGER was represented by Miss Elliott on the manager's point of view and Miss Boyle appealed from the editor's. THE TIGER was also recommended a special menu, claimed to be fattening, by Miss Schoenholdz.

Humor was added to the affair by various girls, notably, a poem on basement activities by Miss Rheinhold, and "Finance," by Miss Simons. Miss Northrup told us what was going to happen to Jones, and Miss Hodges put Beatty in the shade when it came to talking about the Debating Society. Misses Knell and Gillette, accompanied by Miss Capp, favored us with a duet, and more amusement was added by way of a quartet by Misses Knell, Gillette, Gearon and Little, who sang the praises of some of the most prominent boys.

The rally closed with a school yell, in which all joined.

TAG DAY.

On December 3, 1908, the Lick girls carried through to a successful finish a plan long cherished and carefully tended by Willard Beatty—girls' Tag Day. Beatty was the author of the scheme and

a great deal of its success was due to his untiring efforts.

During the early part of this term an attempt was made to raise, by subscription, money to buy an athletic trophy for the Lick girls. The effort, however, was unsuccessful, and as the city and surrounding towns were making a success of Tag Day, that plan suggested itself as a means of raising money and was adopted.

Accordingly, December 3, 1908, every boy in school was greeted with the pleading cry, "Don't you want to buy a tag?" by some young lady, and everyone seemed to be able to raise the required ten cents. All the tags were sold by noon and many more could have been disposed of.

A total of \$50.00 was realized, and the greater portion of it used to buy an inter-class basketball cup for the girls. This cup was presented to the girls at the Recapitulation Rally last term.

'09 FIVE HUNDRED PARTY.

On the night of December 8th a very enjoyable party was held by the Naught Nine class. The affair was a departure from the usual mode of enjoyment, taking the form of a five hundred party and banquet, held at the Hotel Normandie. The rooms were very prettily decorated with '09 pennants and black and gold streamers.

The evening was spent in playing five hundred, and at 10:30 the gathering adjourned to the banquet hall and partook of a sumptuous dinner. Twelve couples were present in spite of the stormy night. All had a very pleasant time, and declared that the evening had been a grand success.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Friday afternoon, December 18th, "As You Like It" was splendidly produced before a large and enthusiastic audience by the members of the Junior class under the auspices of the Dramatic Department of the Lick Debating Society.

The freehand drawing room, for want of a better playhouse, served the purpose well; and although there were no boxes, the tops of the cabinets made choice seats for the more fastidious. The stage was well decorated to represent the court garden and the forest; and from the setting and the quaint costumes of the performers, one seemed to be living in the day of Shakespeare.

The school orchestra, Mr. Hornick, Mr. Stern and Mr. Nachtrieb, played the prelude and entertained us before the commencement of the play with many favorite airs, in which the appreciative audience immediately joined.

From the beginning of the play to the finish the interest was maintained, and the clever actors and actresses were applauded again and again.

Miss Reinhold, as Rosalind, was especially fine, while Miss Fraser as Celia and Miss Manheim as Phoebe played their parts to perfection.

Ray Chatfield's acting as Orlando was commendable. As court jester, Pitchford could not have been improved upon. However, after he appeared, Fred Hornick as Audrey commanded the attention of the entire audience. He brought down the house with his antics, and so well pleased was one spectator that Audrey was presented with a cabbage-head.

Mr. Oehlman played the part of Coran especially well. On the whole, the play was fine and the entire cast is to be congratulated.

Miss Shultz is especially to be complimented. The entire cast was coached and instructed by her.

Mr. Strouss, chairman of the Dramatic Department, also is to be congratulated upon the able manner in which the affair was conducted.

The cast was as follows:

Rosalind.....	Miss Reinhold
Celia.....	Miss Fraser
Phoebe.....	Miss Manheim
Orlando.....	Mr. Chatfield
Oliver.....	Mr. Henderson
Touchstone.....	Mr. Pitchford
Adam.....	Mr. Bissell
Jacques.....	Mr. Margo
Duke Senior.....	Mr. Corker
Duke Frederick.....	Mr. Conard

Jacques Debois.....Mr. Creighton
 William.....Mr. Reimer
 Denis.....Mr. Reimer
 Sylvius.....Mr. Watt
 LeBeau.....Mr. Watt
 Audrey.....Mr. Hornick
 1st Lord.....Mr. Spitzer
 2nd Lord.....Mr. Beattie
 Coran.....Mr. Oehlman
 Charles, the wrestler.....Mr. White

CAMERA CLUB LECTURE.

A stereopticon lecture on Venice was given Wednesday, February 3d, under the auspices of the C. S. M. A. Camera Club. The Hon. Henry Payot was speaker and illustrated his lecture with 150 beautiful lantern slides. He handled his subject in an exceedingly interesting manner and those present enjoyed it, as well as being instructed.

This lecture is the first of a series to be given this year. The interest shown speaks well for the future of the Camera Club.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

Owing to the heavy rains on Friday morning, February 12, the attendance was small enough to efficiently consolidate our exercises with those of Wilmerding. We were, therefore, the guests of Wilmerding, and fortunate enough to hear the impressive speech of Mr. Kent.

Mr. Merrill presided, and opened the exercises with a few appropriate remarks, after which both schools sang "My Own United States." The annual Lincoln essay contest, open to pupils of both the Lick and Wilmerding schools, was announced by Mr. Merrill, as was also the effort of the Lincoln Farm Association to preserve the old Lincoln birthplace.

Mr. Cliff, of Wilmerding, read the Gettysburg address, and after the applause had subsided, a sketch of President Lincoln's influence in history was given by Mr. Horace Davis, President of the Board of Trustees of the Lick School.

Mr. Kent was then introduced. He had occupied a seat opposite the box of President Lincoln on the night of the assassina-

tion, and in simple language told the story, which he had told only once before in public.

When the applause following Mr. Kent's speech had died away, the audience rose and closed the exercises by singing "America." Although simple, they fittingly honored the immortal greatness of Lincoln.

SENIOR PLAY.

As this goes to press we are all looking forward to February 27, when we shall see "What Happened to Jones?" The play, a three-act farce comedy, is given under the auspices of the Senior Class at the Valencia Theatre. The cast has worked hard and faithfully under the direction of their coach, Mr. Stewart, and from what we know of them personally, we may all rest positively assured of a delightful and amusing matinee.

SENIOR SEMINAR.

Under the able management of its new president, Mr. Lenzen, Senior Seminar has been progressing very rapidly during the current quarter. Several very interesting and instructive lectures have been given and the schedule until the end of the quarter is filled.

This is one of the most valuable organizations to the Seniors, as it gives them an opportunity to express their knowledge before an audience. It is one thing to know a subject and still another to express it clearly and concisely.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

After half a year of quiet work on the part of its officers, a program for the Spring term has been arranged which should be of interest to all.

In debating alone, Lick is entered in four contests. We open this series with participation in the extemporaneous debate to be held under the auspices of the Debating League of California, which is to occur about March 20. In April a de-

bate will be held with the Santa Clara High School, and during this month also—on April 24—the Spring Convention of the D. L. C. will be held, where Lick will enter an extemporaneous speaker. May 8 will see Lick entered in the first debate of the 1910 tournament of the League, when we will meet the Humboldt Evening High School.

After a year of silence, the Technical Department is able to announce definitely, two lectures. Mr. S. A. Tibbetts will speak on "Industrial Chemistry as a Profession" on April 14, and Mr. B. Heymann will lecture on "Mechanical Draughting as a Profession" on May 5. If present negotiations result as expected, a lecture on "Modern Wireless Telegraphy," and also one on "Architectural Drawing as a Profession" will be secured to fill up the last months of the term.

The "Senate" is booming, and merits better support. The Dramatic Department plans some more plays, and the Literary Department will make a high dive into activities in April. An impromptu debate also is held at every Society meeting. Back up the Debating Society—it's worth it!

NOTES FROM THE LICK FACULTY ABROAD.

At the present writing Miss Southwick, our traveling representative of the Lick English Department, is in Florence, Italy. Bulletins from Miss Southwick during her peregrination over the map of Europe make us eager for her return, when we may gather at first hand the fruit of her trip.

Miss Adams of the History Department, is still enjoying life in Cuernavaca, New Mexico. Before her return to Lick she expects to visit other portions of the United States. We will, indeed, be glad to welcome her back to the Lick "fold."

THE TIGER regrets to hear of the illness of a former Lick student, Miss Madelaine Childs. We hope it will not be long before we may again have her pleasant visits to us. Miss Childs certainly never forgets Lick and her affectionate interest is fully reciprocated by all who know her.



ALUMNI

CALIFORNIA.

Two men approach each other on the campus; "Hello, Jones," and the answer is, "Hello, Jones." The two men are Lick graduates.

The above dialogue is expressive. It shows how the alumnae keep in touch with affairs that are going on at the Alma Mater. If you pass a Lick man on the campus and do not know his name, call him Jones. You know that he knows, he knows that you know, so it is all right.

The Lickites at California are a good sized tribe by themselves. At present seventy-four graduates are attending the University. And they are not just plain college men, but leaders. Lickites generally manage to rise, and there are a good many of them on top in affairs of the college.

Three new recruits have joined the ranks in college. Edgar Randall, '07, ex-editor of THE TIGER, is registered in the College of Civil Engineering; Heine Wolfe, '08, and Gerald Kennedy, '08, are both in the College of Agriculture. (That is, they are learning to milk cows.) These three gentlemen are recruits in more ways than one. They are in the new military company of Scrubs, and Edgar is especially fond of his new gun.

Arthur Cortelyou, '08, who is at present in charge of one of the Chronicle's branch offices, intends to enter college in August. This is the intention of Charles Kuchel also.

Miss Atkinson, '08, has entered the field of journalism. At present she is engaged in the office of the Sunset Magazine. We all wish that the sun may soon "rise" and

that her efforts may be rewarded by success.

FROM STANFORD.

Once more the quadrangles are a-buzz with the shuffle and noise of a college community back from a delightful vacation. Some have come to stay for at least one more semester, while others have come only to say good-by and take their belongings away for the prolonged vacation of one semester. They all seem cheerful, whether "in" or "out." Some expected the "ax" and didn't get it, some didn't expect it and got it, and some expected it and also got it, so everyone takes what is coming and smiles.

Of the Lick contingent, Barnett, Clyde and Dietterle, all '08, are still remaining, as is also Simpson '09. Clyde is at present trying hard to win the coveted '12 by making the Freshman crew against California. It is to be hoped that he does not have his head cut off by that "ever-swinging ax" for attempting to make himself so prominent in college activities.

Walker, '06, is still digging away on the staff of the college daily paper, while "Suey" Rogers, '05, is found from time to time carrying on his finished art of "queening."

The sketches of Miss Park, '06, which appear quite frequently in the various college publications, remind one of the cuts that still help to decorate the interior of THE TIGER. Stanford closes wishing THE TIGER the best of success in the two remaining issues.



MECHANICAL DRAWING.

On looking into the mechanical drawing room we find all busy. The quietness and forcefulness of the students is remarkable. The Freshmen have finished the plain exercises and are able to draw the simple work in a surprisingly neat and accurate manner. They have solved the difficulties of the ruling pen and are well advanced in their geometrical work. The Sophomores are progressing nicely in orthographic projections.

Junior apprentices are receiving some fine practical work in riveted joints and steel columns. They have been doing quite a little work along this line for Dyer Bros. It is just this sort of work they need, for it teaches them the principles of designing as well as drawing.

The Senior apprentices are also very fortunate in receiving outside work. Mr. Heymann, after much hard work, received the contract for designing and drawing the plans for the new Mission Grammar School. They will be able to use the knowledge received in drawing their steel columns and rivet joints, as the building will contain considerable steel work. Giffen is the only Senior apprentice not working on the Mission work. He is drawing plans for an airship which is to be constructed as soon as the drawings are finished. This work is good because it involves strength, lightness and dura-

bility. The drawing classes may be congratulated on having a teacher who takes so much pains to get practical work.

PATTERN SHOP.

Amid the buzz of the saws and the hum of the planer, the work in this department has been progressing rapidly and well. The Freshies have been kept busy on small patterns with which they have done remarkably well. They have received a great deal more lecture and note book work than any of the previous classes. This has been largely facilitated by the addition of a new collection of woods.

Several boat models have been executed by the Junior apprentices for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. These include launches, yachts and speed motor boats. Sparrowe is working on a gas engine cylinder and Uhte on a marine engine crank case. The others are kept busy on outside work.

The Seniors are receiving their finishing touches for it is not many weeks before they graduate. To do this Mr. McLeran has given them globe valves, propellers, gear wheels and other such work where exact figuring and work is required. A complete set of patterns for a new core machine and oven have been made for the foundry by them.

FOUNDRY.

In the foundry Mr. Lacoste has installed several improvements, one of which is a new system in taking off heats. This is to pour small heats whenever necessary with the portable cupola. This enables the students to become thoroughly acquainted with handling small pourings as well as large ones. The new core machine has been installed, the drawings, patterns, castings and finishing of which were all made at school. The major portion of the work this season has been gas engine work for outside firms, which has on the whole been quite successful.

MACHINE SHOP.

The machine shop is now in charge of Mr. J. Sunkel, who succeeded Mr. Woodman. Mr. Sunkel has planned a course that will give the best and most instruction in the time allowed.

The Juniors, who have finished the tire-some bench exercises, are now doing small outside repair jobs and lathe work. Senior apprentices will have to work hard if they finish the outlined work. They have the 4x6 inch steam hoist to finish, and two wood-turning lathes to be installed in the woodwork department for Mr. McLeran. A ten-horsepower direct current motor and a smaller alternating current motor have been ordered, thus furnishing work for the electricians. A 12-inch lathe chuck is to be made for large work, and Chief Dixon is to have a new set of oil pumps. A two cylinder four cycle 4x5 inch gasoline marine engine is nearly finished. This is for Mr. McLeran's launch. The motor driven shaper is finished and will be sent to the Alaska-Yukon Exposition as a sample of the work made in the machine shop.

FORGE SHOP.

The work of the Sophomore boys is progressing nicely. The labor of those first hammering exercises is over and they are receiving the more practical knowledge of blacksmithing. Mr. Mathis, with the help of Padilla, is making some heavy

andirons. Although there has been no heavy work in forge, the light work has kept the students busy, being of the character of repairing for outside firms.

CHEMISTRY.

By close and diligent work, the Sophomore classes are through with the study of sulphur and nitrogen. They now have a good grasp on the why and wherefore of nature in its elements and perhaps some of them have hopes of being hailed as great scientists.

The Junior apprentices are well along with the standardization of solutions and are capable of good checking. The Seniors have just completed a set of seven water analyses in remarkably short time and are now taking up the analysis of iron and steel.

Both the Juniors and the Seniors have taken several very instructive trips to the various chemical manufactories, smelters and iron works around the bay. Some of those visited and others that they plan to visit are: Leona Heights, Stege, Selby Smelting Works and Union Iron Works. The chemistry Seminar has also been a help to the students as it not only makes them familiar with their subjects, but teaches them how to impart their knowledge to others.

SEWING.

The great interest shown by all of the sewing classes has led to rapid progress in all the work undertaken. Keep on working steadily and neatly, girls, and it will not be long before Miss Crittenden will forgive you, realizing that your good work makes up for the little talking that goes on. The Freshmen girls are well trained in drafting patterns, and many dainty white garments have been made from them. The millinery classes are doing splendidly along their new line of work. They have completed practice hats and bonnets which they have trimmed in preparation for making their own hats.

Some beautiful handiwork is being accomplished in the Junior sewing class.

Plans are under way to send some of this work to the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. Model tailored suits, being made by the Senior girls, are turning out very successfully, though the work is difficult.

The charity garments, made last quarter by all of the sewing classes, were sent to the Needle Work Guild with the intention of having them sent from there to the earthquake sufferers of Italy, but owing to the fact that only money was being sent at that time, the garments were put into the hands of the society to distribute as they saw fit. The girls are to be complimented on the excellent work in the one hundred and twenty-three garments made for this purpose.

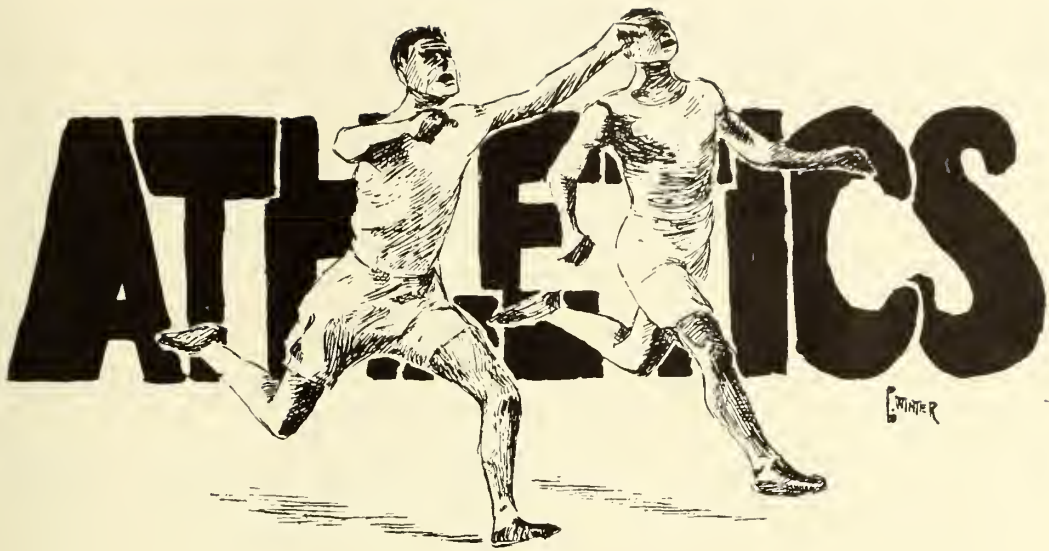
COOKING.

The work in the cooking class is steadily progressing, the faculty surely agreeing with this statement as they are not forgotten when it comes to the creamy

soups or delicious jellies. The principal work of this quarter has been the study and practical work in dinner menus, the girls showing a great deal of interest in their work. When the dinner courses have been completed, the different menus will be served to the different tables in the same way the breakfast menus were served.

One of the important features of this quarter's work was the very sumptuous dinner given in honor of the football team by the cooking girls. There were thirty present, including the team with the substitutes, coaches, trainers, and water-carriers. The room was prettily decorated in red berries and greens. The boys did not wish for anything as the girls were willing and ready to repay them for their loyalty to Lick on the football field. Toasts and speeches were given, which were greatly enjoyed by all present. The girls do not intend stopping here with regard to dinners, but are planning for others in the near future.





Lick vs. Polytechnic.

Lick's first basket-ball game of this year's series was with Polytechnic. The Lick team won by a good margin. The game started rather fast and was very interesting. Polytechnic at times showed good team work and forced Lick to fight hard to break it up. They were weak, however, in throwing goals, missing many chances to shoot the ball into the basket. The playing of the Lick team was quite a surprise, many critics believing that Polytechnic would have an easy victory.

The rooting, however, was not as satisfactory as it might have been. Although there were many Lick people present, they were so scattered that a compact rooting section could not be secured. Follow Johnny Little's advice: "Bunch, fellows—that's the only way to make noise." Line-up:

Center.....	Captain Salbach
Forward	Gardiner
Forward	Felt
Guard	Blume
Guard	Sparrowe

Lick vs. Commercial.

The Lick basket-ball team defeated the Commercial team Saturday, February 6, upon the court of the Siaplamat In-

dians, the score being 38 to 11. Few Lick sympathizers were present, but Commercial had a fairly large crowd.

The game was not satisfactory. Commercial showed a gross lack of knowledge of the rules of the game, while Lick was careless in fouling.

The Lick line-up was as follows:

Center.....	Captain Salbach
Forward.....	Woods, Gardiner
Forward.....	Creighton, Felt
Guard	McHenry
Guard.....	Blume, Sparrowe

The team and school are indebted to George Tyler, who has helped the team whenever opportunity has offered.

Lick vs. Cogswell.

In the third game of the season, the Lick team was defeated by Cogswell on the court of Siaplamat Hall.

The whole Cogswell school was there, and as they bunched together, some good yelling resulted. While Lick supporters were numerous, they were scattered. Consequently, as in the Polytechnic game, Lick's yelling sounded weak.

The game was disinteresting. In the first half the playing seemed listless, Lick putting no snap into their game. Felt, however, showed his fighting spirit and made nearly all of the points.

During the second half the Lick team made several determined efforts to catch up with their opponents. Time after time the ball was worked to Lick's goal, but generally without result. The Lick forwards found it very difficult to shoot goals.

Fouls were numerous on both sides, but only three out of eighteen chances were thrown by Lick. Cogswell, on the other hand, was more successful. The line-up:

Center.....	Captain Salbach
Forward	Felt
Forward	Gardiner
Guard.....	Sparrowe, Blume
Guard	Daniels

Lick vs. Wilmerding.

Lick went down to her second defeat in the basket-ball series February 16 before Wilmerding. The game started with a rush and continued to be a close fight until the end of the first half when the score stood 13 to 14; favor Lick.

However, the second half proved listless and decidedly one-sided until near the end. Wilmerding surpassed us in team work, and noticeably so in throwing goals, both from the field and on fouls. Wilmerding rolled their score to 27 before we again started to count. Our score was then raised to 21 and Wilmerding's to 32.

The line-up was as follows:

Center.....	Captain Salbach
Guard	Blume, Daniels
Guard	Holman
Forward	Felt
Forward.....	Creighton, Gardiner

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

By the time this issue appears, the girls' series of interclass basket-ball will be over and the new school team chosen and settled down to good hard practice. But now all interest is centered in the coming games, for the '10-'11 game decides the winner of the cup. Two interclass games have been played—'10-'12 and '11-'12.

The Juniors lost to the Freshmen and the Freshmen lost to the Sophomores.

The '12 girls are to be complimented on the spirit they have shown and on their team.

The games yet to be played are '11 vs. '10, '09 vs. '12, '10 vs. '09, '09 vs. '11.

To give the class teams practice the school team gave up their regular practice, and has played games with two outside schools—with Girls' High School and Cogswell's second team. We won both games.

Training for the interclass and the necessity of spending two hours a week in student activities has developed many good players, from which we hope to have a winning girls' team.

All of the girls do not play basket-ball, however. Many prefer tennis and boating, and have found it difficult to fill in the required amount of time during the rainy weather. For these girls, Miss Hyde formed a plan for a girls' gymnasium to be held without apparatus in the mechanical drawing room. Miss Salyer, a California graduate, was secured as a teacher, a regulation suit was adopted, and many girls have taken advantage of this beneficial work. Another rainy day activity is the "side show," under Miss Menzel's supervision. Many interesting and well-attended entertainments have been given at noon.

SWIMMING.

Every Saturday Sutro Baths rings with the splash of some member of the swimming team—he is training for the Academic Meet scheduled on March 12.

In preparation for this a dual meet was held with Cogswell, in which Lick was victorious. Also the Interclass League will be run off. The championship of this lies between '09 and '10; it will be close. After the Interclass tournament, it is planned that Wilmerding and Lick shall battle for the supremacy of the "briny deep."

Those of last year's team at school are Captain Jorgensen, Dryer, Steele, Lawton, Margo, Morser, Rosenwald and Wilder. These men, with last year's experience and the strength and speed developed in a season's training, should make a strong team.

TRACK.

Track season was late in starting this year owing to the heavy rains, but the squad is now rapidly rounding into shape. The prospects for a successful season appear bright. Of last year's team, all except Cortelyou have returned to school. This leaves a veteran team to be further developed. Besides those who have already had track experience, are the football men who have come out. These athletes, together with undeveloped material which may be discovered in the Freshman class, should force some strong competition for places on the team.

Captain Baxter is in condition this year, and will materially strengthen the team in the sprints. He has an able team mate in Dixon. The 220 low hurdle will be cared for by Ralph Hupp, who will also assist in the 50 and 100-yard dashes. With Johnny Little running the mile as of old, and Roy Meeker in the two-mile, the team will be strong in the distances. Padilla has a strong rival for first honors in the half-mile in Fuller of Mission, and will have to show his class to win.

Sid Holman has contracted the track fever also, and will try his legs at the furlong and his hand with the shot.

"Spike" Wittenmyer is inclined toward the quarter-mile, but as weightmen are needed he will most likely be putting the shot or throwing the hammer in the field days. Besides, we have a very reliable quarter-miler in Bill Ashley.

Johnny Beuttler in the middle distances and Tooker in the sprints should also bear watching this year.

A dual meet has been arranged for with Santa Clara High School, and Man-

ager Meeker expects to secure a trip to Santa Cruz also. As the majority of the squad are acquainted in both towns, the excursions should prove enjoyable as well as beneficial.

George Middleton has kindly consented to coach the team again. After having had a rest of six months, together with good coaching, the track team should make a fine record this season.

BASEBALL.

Baseball practice is now in full swing. The team is practicing faithfully to bring the championship back to Lick this season. Every Wednesday and Saturday, if the weather permitted, has seen the team in action. Two practice games have been played—one with Berkeley, the other with Alameda—we lost both. Future practice games have been arranged for by our energetic manager, Herrmann.

There is plenty of material from which to choose a line-up. Of last year's team are Captain Kirby, Gallagher, Ruebke, Manager Herrmann, C. Smith, Strohl, Ingram, Holt and Winter. Wittenmyer, Wynne and Dickey are also likely candidates.

This year's baseball series should be one of the best ever witnessed—seven teams are entered. Cogswell has the veteran team that won the sub-league last year. Lowell is strong, while Wilmerding, Sacred Heart, Polytechnic and Mission all have teams entered.

However, the Lick team appears to have bright prospects. The squad is working hard under the direction of their industrious captain, and we may be assured of good results.





Side Slams

3.—A Glance Through the Side Show Tent.

Here we are at last! My, but there was a crowd at the door! Let us hope that the exhibition is worth the trouble it took to reach it.

On the first stand—yes, ladies and gents, this one to the left—we find Victor Lenzen, the "Human Dictionary."

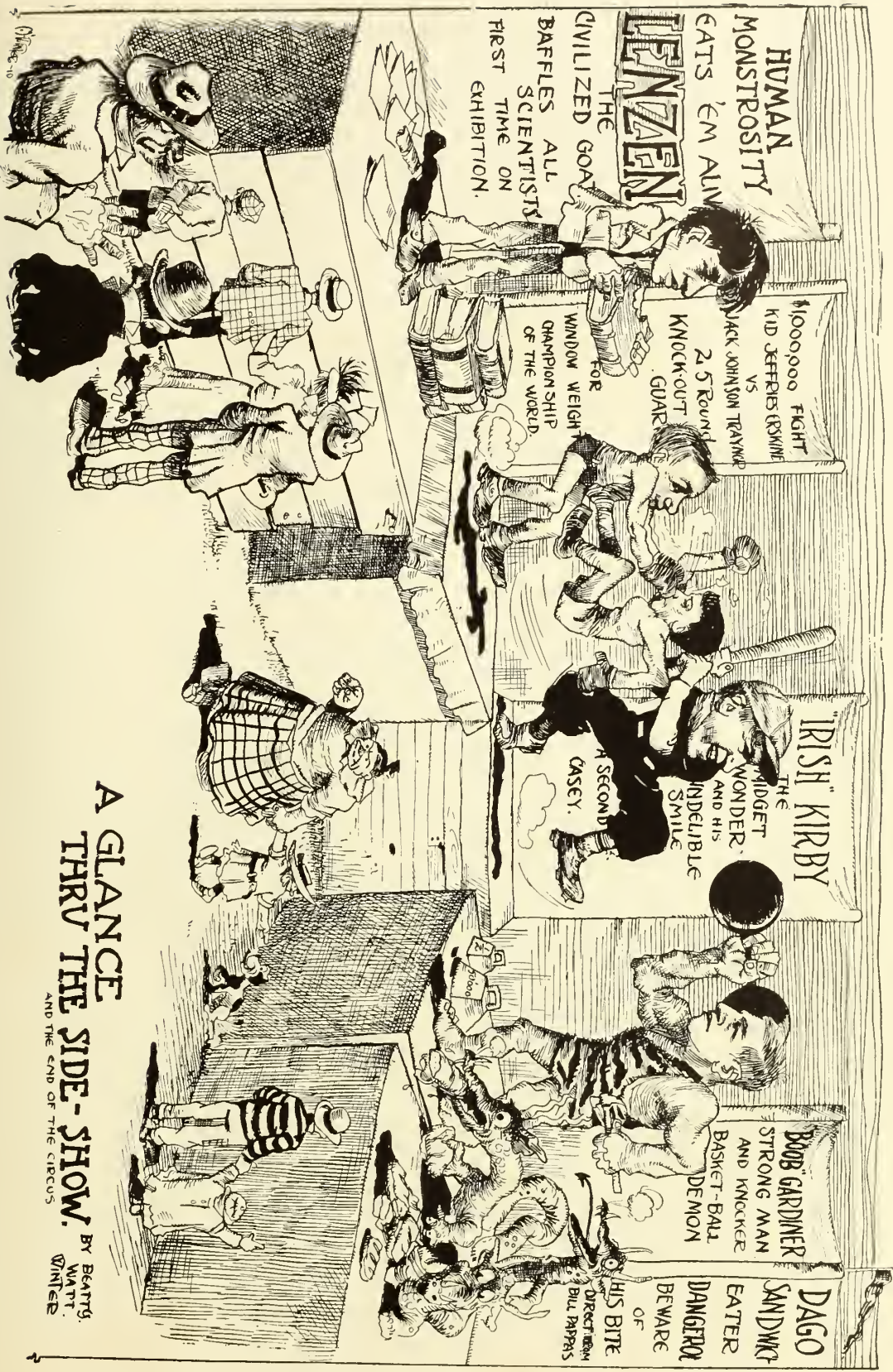
"And still they looked, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

We find him in his characteristic pose—devouring knowledge, while the lesser, baser creatures look on in wonder. His power for acquiring knowledge is stupendous, and what he doesn't know is too infinitesimal to be calculated by modern methods of mathematics. He can tell you the weight and composition of the tail of a comet, and knows more German than a native-born son of the Fatherland.

Step forward, ladies and gents—look at him! He's real! He's alive! He walks, talks and eats! (Whether he sleeps or not no one knows.) Speak to him; and his voice will roll forth in forensic thunder, breaking down all before it, and echoing and re-echoing through the paths of wisdom till the end of time! *He* is, without reservation, our most valuable and interesting possession—photographs of him walking the tight-rope on his eye-teeth on sale at two-for-a-penny.

Once more, ladies and gentlemen, turn your intent faces upon the attractions which our humble exhibition affords; and you will see on the stand opposite the marvelous, modern monster; the six-headed serpent, Scylla. It is but recently that we have acquired this wonderful exhibit, but it is one of interesting and artistic value.

Look out, little girl, don't go too close, it might bite you, and ever after you



A GLANCE
THRU THE SIDE-SHOW.
BY BEATTY,
WATT,
AND THE GANG OF THE CIRCUS.
WINTER

would be cursed with the habit which has taken hold of it—that of devouring French bread on the half-loaf. There seems to be no cure, and we would hate to be to blame for the spread of this disease. An epidemic has already affected the district and further spread might be detrimental to the sandwich trade of Mrs. Dettling.

And now, everybody, let us turn to the next stand. Here we will find the Lick-eitian strong man—an exhibit obtained at countless expense—by tireless endeavor, and which is now placed before you for the first time. Oy-yoy-yoy! Look at his feet! “Herring boxes, without topses, sandals for our Bobbie, dear”—yes, his name is Gardiner; and

“O wad some power the giftie gi’ ’im,
To see ’imself as ithers see ’im!”

He’s the strongest man on record—positively! We don’t cheat our patrons. He can sling a hundred pound sledge with the ease of a tack hammer—balance a twenty-pound muckrake on the end of his nose, and twirl a five-pound slam with his little finger—all at once! It’s marvelous—truly marvelous—and he’s always knocking!

Again, again—just one step further, ladies and gentlemen, and you will witness—all for the one price of admission, too—J. Jeffries Erskine, heavyweight champion of the world; the highest paid plug-ugly ever heard of—receives a salary of two million bones nightly; in his famous 26-round ring battle with J. Johnson Traynor. This fight is no fake—a battle royal to the finish. A sure knockout; no draw! We managed the glove contest that Prof. Goodly and Dick Heatherly attended—we know “What Happened to Jones.” Don’t crowd; don’t crowd. “Come on girls, there’s room for another.”

And here’s another, right here—last stage, and the greatest freak of all! Percival Ethelbert Kirby, the Second Base Kid (and not a member of the Glee Club either)!

“There was ease in Kirby’s manner as he stepped into his place,

There was pride in Kirby’s bearing, and
a smile on Kirby’s face;
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he
rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded as he
wiped them on his shirt.”

We’re mighty proud of this exhibit—had him ever since he was a baby, and he’s still growing! Look at that mit—it’s the one he grabs the bat with—isn’t it a peach? Yes, he spoiled his beauty by sliding bases on his nose—he’s valuable just the same, though! Nothing is worth more than Greek sculptures that you can’t recognize from a log of petrified wood, you know. Down on your knees before the fatted calf, ye Scrubs—yes, him—that little, shriveled up shrimp is going to win the baseball season for us! Here, here! you guy over there in the corner—don’t handle the exhibits—can’t you see wet paint when it’s green? Yes, ma’am—we’re selling his pictures at reduced rates for one week only—kaleidoscopic views of his life since he was two years old. That one with a broad grin and only one tooth showing was taken when he first started playing baseball—how old was he? Wel-l-l, I dassant tell; it might embarrass him. We intend to have every home-run he knocks framed, and put up in the museum (that’s the Mechanics room, you know)—take a look at the walls after the season is over!

Well, this is the end! Give ’em an “Ali-be-bo” fellers—one that will be heard and appreciated in the years to come—by the Scrubs in 1923.

* * * * *

As the last man passes from under the canvas flap; we’ll “fold our tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away.” Yes, the circus is over. This is the last performance. The poles are down—the canvas tents collapse—the bright costumes are packed away—in a trice the hard-tramped, saw-dust covered ground is all that is left of the world of illusion.

WILLARD W. BEATTY, ’09.

CLIVE S. WINTER, ’10.

ROLLA B. WATT, ’10.

He—My little dog died the other day.

She—Did he die with his furlong or did he swallow a tape measure and die by inches, or did he crawl under the bed and die by the foot, or did he run up the alley and die by the yard?

He—All wrong. He crawled under the house and died by the meter.

Teacher—Eddie, we hear of certain sayings being chestnuts. Now, what is a chestnut?

Eddie—A chestnut is a cocoanut's little brother with his whiskers shaved off.—Ex.

"Archimedes," read the freshie, "leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"Just one minute, Curtis," interrupted the teacher, "what's the meaning of Eureka?"

"Eureka means, I have found it."

"Well, what did he find?"

"The soap," replied the noble freshman.—Ex.

German is no blindman's bluff.

A.—Do you think electricity will ever take the place of steam in Germany?

B.—Yes, I do.

A.—How thoughtless; did you ever hear of electric beer?

Aw, Quit Yer Kidding.

Teacher—What is the advantage of a watch that strikes the hours?

Rea—Why, er, oh, I know; so's you can tell the time of day at night.

A Simple Song of Spontaneous Senselessness.

Miss K.—Mr. H., what was the first period in English History called?

H. (the intellectual)—Home Farming period.

Miss K.—And that is?

H.—(the philosophical)—Why, farming at home.

Sweet little Emily Rose,
Was tired and about to repose;
But her brother named Clair,
Put a tack on her chair—
And sweet little Emily Rose.
—Ex.

Druggist—Well, what do you want, my boy?

Small Boy—You'll find the smell in this bottle, and I want five cents worth of it.—Ex.

In English.

What is a merman?

Dickey—A male mermaid.

Does the butterfly or the boardwalk or the cowslip because the oystercan?

Three's a crowd;
There were three:
He, the parlor lamp and she;
Two's company;
That's, no doubt,
Why the parlor lamp went out.
—Ex.

If a miss is as good as a mile,
Is a kiss as good as a smile?
Of course not; very well then.

Heard in Algebra.

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the shoulder. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"—Ex.

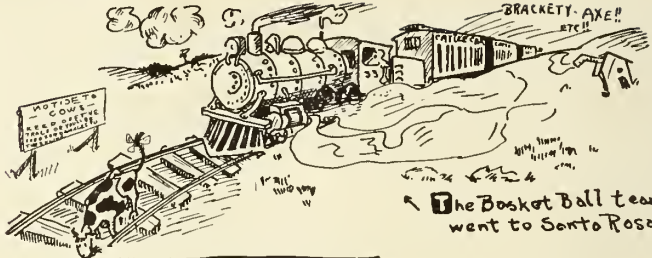
To stop all noise is the Faculty's cry;
From them all noise they would hurl.
Perhaps they may—well by and by
Produce a noiseless girl.

Dedicated to Josh Editor by Himself.

I josh every josher who has joshed every josh that was ever joshed by a josher.

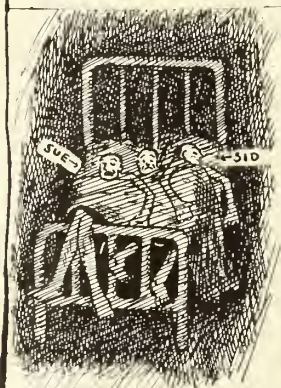


SUE AND SID BUMPED INTO A BUNCH OF LOWELL GIRLS



The Basket Ball team went to Santa Rosa.

2. AT THE HOTEL THAT NIGHT.



SAYS FELT:— SLEEPING BETWEEN TWO PONDEROUS ROLLERS WAS BAD ENOUGH— BUT!

3. WHEN SMITH IRRIGATED OUR BED AND MADE IT UNINHABITABLE!



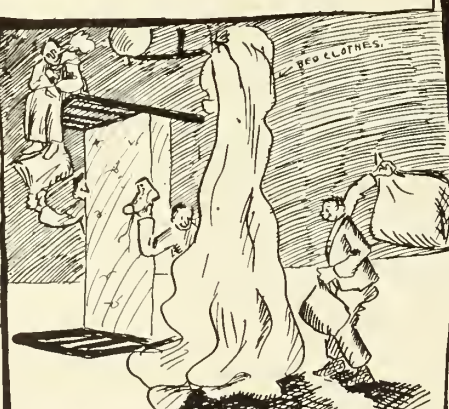
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2+ CENTS --- 3 --- 3 --- 3 CENTS— DO I HEAR 4?

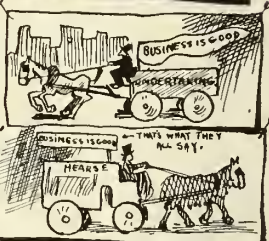


AT THE CANDY SALE:

AND



4. WE HAD TO START SOMETHING TO KEEP WARM— AND →



A FEW RESULTS OF THE SALE.



MEAN WHILE AT THE HOTEL OFFICE. (2:00 A.M.)

Miss S.—What is the world composed of?

Winter—Fire—water, earth and air.

At '10 Class Meeting.

"Winter here?"

"Yep; Spring will be here soon and Summer's comin' next."

He put on the gloves with Steele,
Soon after he lost his meal;

"Confound it," he said,

"I've got such a head,
I guess I've had a good deal."

Little Willie was a Joker;
He lamed his sister with a poker.
Said mother when she saw the slam,
"Oh, see Mary's little lam."

—Ex.

Apropos of the appearance of proverbial inscriptions upon the walls of our temple of erudition.

He who knows and knows that he knows;
He's a Senior, envy him;
He who knows and knows not that he knows,

He's a Junior, emulate him;
He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,

He is a Sophomore, lynch him!
He who knows not and knows that he knows not,

He is an alumnus, bless him.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose;
He was a tall mosquito—
The bridge was that of my nose.

—Ex.

T. M. O. (looking for some misplaced notes)—Did any of you see a piece a paper with some blue pencil notes on it?

Overwhelming Chorus of "Flunked" Seniors (who had just got some ex-papers back)—Here!

A Selection from the Rostrum.

Seeburt (in Prohibition debate, rising to dizzy oratorical heights)—"Fellow Senators, a great wave will sweep on and over our glorious land, and we will have a dry country."

T. M. O.—What kind of verbs are we studying, Murray?

M. (awakening suddenly)—Huh?

T. M. O.—No, no; you have entirely the wrong idea.

Respectfully dedicated to all collectors, ticket dispensers or other nondescript dough extractors.

(To the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to my heart is the cash of subscription,

Where generous subscribers come into my view;

But the one who won't pay I'll refrain from description,

For, perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you.

The little Blue and Gold Wunder was going to Tacoma for a little Culmbacher, but fell into the Anheuser-Busch in the National Park, Yosemite, and tore Schlitz in the Bock of his pants. He came out a sadder, Bud-weiser boy. Pabst so, Pabst not.

Epitaph.

William Burns lived fifty years
In this vale of pain and tears;
Now while his widow sits and yearns—
William Burns. —Ex.

Founder's Day.

Visitor—The girls in the school seem to be better-looking than the boys.

Teacher—That's natural.

Wise One—I'll bet it's artificial.

Lenz—Reading the dictionary, are you? Do you find it interesting?

Wills—No, more amusing than anything else. It spells the words so differently from the way I do.

THE TIGER.

Miss S.—Mr. Watt, what do you think of the last three lines of this poem?

Mr. Watt (confusedly)—Well, er—they acted as an inspiration, that is, they woke me up.

—
An old gentleman was sitting in a car reading a paper when a young woman and a child entered and sat down next to him. The child wriggled and squirmed, annoying the old man until he could contain himself no longer. "Madam, can you not keep your child still?" he asked. "Really, sir," she replied sweetly. "I can not; you see he swallowed a spoon this morning and ever since he has been all stirred up." Oh, piffle!

Sanitary.

Raising his hand, the minister said: "I baptize thee, John Henry——"

"Say," interrupted the incorrigible one, "hath that water been boiled?"—Ex.

—
Judge: "Prisoner, do you wish to challenge any of the jurymen?"

Prisoner: "H'm; yes, your honor, I'll fight that little fellow on the end there."—Ex.

In the Lunch Room.

First Teacher: "I wonder why I always find hair in my honey?"

Second Teacher: "I guess it drops off the comb."—Ex.

—
A bomb is a roundness surrounded mit air, und it hits anything; die ting vat vas, ain't.

—
A word on the cuff is worth two in the book.—Ex.

—
Teacher: "Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?"

Pupil: "Why, Swiss cheese."

Teacher: "Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous?"

Pupil: "Limburger."—Ex.

—
Hochman (inquisitively)—Vy iss it ven I says a funny ting dose boys always say, "Choke, choke"?

Be an Indian.

—
An Indian scalps his enemy, while a white man skins his friend.—Ex.

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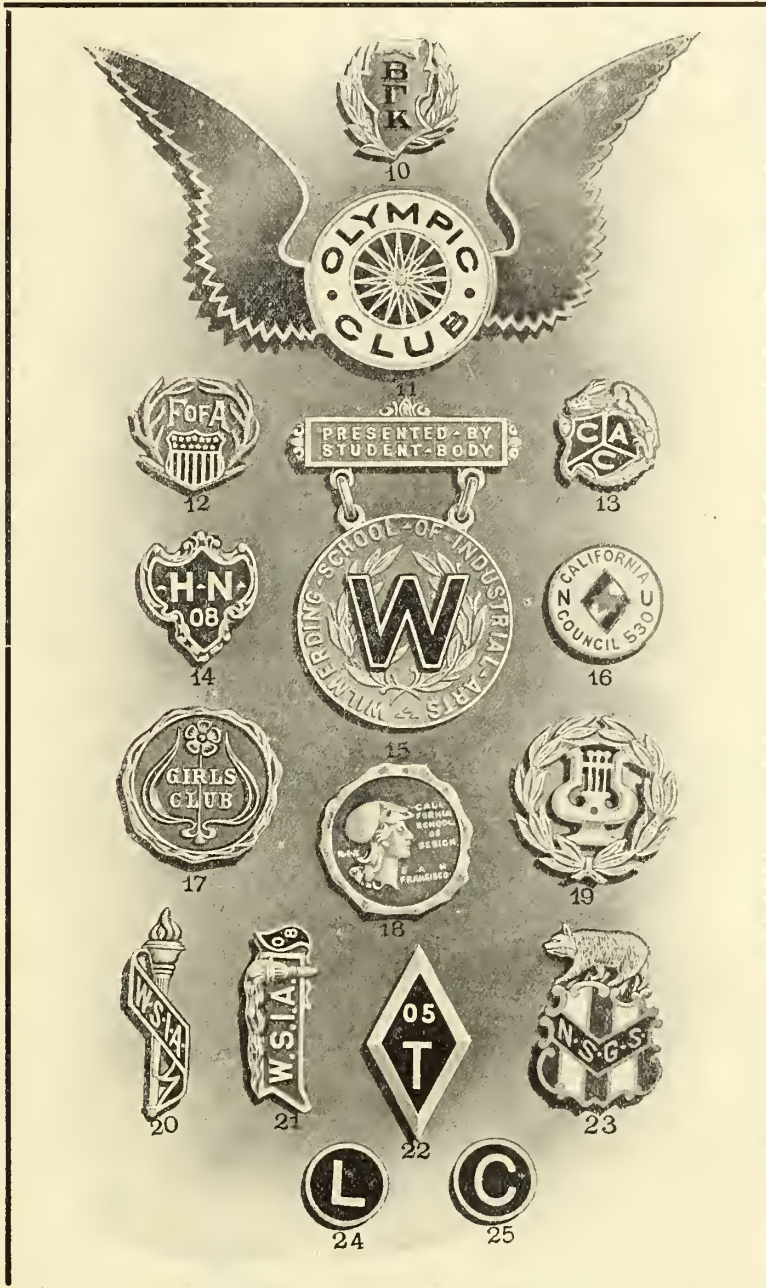
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DIDDINS OF THE BUNCH.

The telephone bell rang. Sid answered it, "Hello, who is it?" A sweet angelic voice replied, "It's muh, Spike. Say Sid, I'm awfully sorry but I can't go out with you to-morrow night; Ma wants me to stay home and play checkers with sister. Goo'-by."

Sid Holdem was disappointed. Another Saturday night he must miss, all on account of Spike. "Never knew he had a sister," snarled Sid, grinding his hair and pulling his teeth, "although it might be some one's else sister."

To think, with Holdem, was to act. Before one could divide the square root of India into the density of China, Sid had Stoon on the line. "Hello, Al, will you go down the line with me to-morrow

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night?" "Nope, nuthin' doin'," responded Stoon; "goin' to play the piano out at the Old Ladies' Home. Want to come? Won't cost yuh nothin'!"

There is an old adage, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, and so Sidney did. He rang up Labton. "Hello, kid, will you go out with me Saturday night?" "Nix, I can't do it," giggled Labton, "I have to study, and besides—" Before he had finished Mr. Holdem slammed up the receiver.

Back and forth across the floor strode "Susie Holdem," waiting for a hunch. The hunch came. "Never thought of Bumble till now," he soliloquized; "I know he won't disappoint me." Central made the connections. Soon our hero was transmitting electro-magnetic waves over the wire to Fred.

"Hello, Fred, will you come out tomorrow night?" "Dog-gone it all," quoth

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Bumble, regardless of Sid's question, "early this morning a tom cat sat on the sidewalk trying to sing 'Jungle Town,' it woke me up and I fired my shoe from the window; almost hit him, too. Before my kid brother could get the shoe, Spike came along, and what do you think he did? He picked it up and ran off with it. I was mad; I only have the one pair."

Saturday night Sid Holdem slowly plodded his lonely way toward his favorite nickelodeon. Hardly had he reached this haunt when he espied four familiar characters, Spike, Stoon, Labton and Bumble. "Aller hagel, donner und blitzen," exclaimed Sid, remembering some of his Dutch, "what the thunder—"

"Aw, shut up, Sid. Don't be foolish. Just a little joke, doncher know," said Al, "and we've elected you mayor, too, so be a sport and do the right thing; we all want to see the show." BILL, '09.



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